Delatre Sculp.

London Printed for John Bell British Library 21st March 1782.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GILBERT WEST.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And you O WEST!——————————
With Learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall cheer,
Glad to eſcape from Love to ſuch a friend. HAMMOND.

O goodly Diſcipline! from Heav'n yſprong,
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
O! bid thoſe Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind,
O! bid the Muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize, the ſtrain
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain.
EDUCATION.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
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POETICAL WORKS

OF

GILBERT WEST.

CONTAINING HIS

ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.
IN IMIT. OF SPENSER.
EDUCATION. IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.
INSTITUTION OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.
A DRAMATICK POEM.
ELEGY ON A BLACKBIRD.

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ODE ON SPENSER.	

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PRINTED BY THE APOLLO PRESS, BY THE MARTINS.

M,DCC,LXXXI.

GILBERT WEST.

In the life of a worthy man ſociety becomes intereſted. It is therefore to be regretted that but few particulars are known concerning Gilbert Weſt, the Author of the following Poems.

When or where he was born has not been ſaid; but he was ſon of the Rev. Dr. Weſt, by a ſiſter of Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. He was firſt ſent to Eaton, and next to Oxford. Whether his father ever deſigned him for the church, as has been alleged, is uncertain; but it is known that his firſt appearance on the publick theatre was in the military line, by virtue of a commiſſion in a regiment of dragoons procured him by his uncle. In this ſervice he ſpent ſome time, but reſigning his commiſſion he entered into the buſineſs of civil life under Lord Townſhend, who procured him the office of Clerk-extraordinary to the Privy-council, a nomination which though it placed him in a ſtate of expectation brought with it no immediate emoluments. He lived however to enjoy one of the more lucrative Clerkſhips of the Privy-council, and Mr. Pitt, his intimate friend, finally inſtalled him in the office of Treaſurer to Chelſea Hoſpital.

He reſided at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted his leiſure time to the improvement of his own mind

and the exercises of piety. It was here that he was frequently visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who found in his literary conversation a solacement for their political debates and intrigues. About the 1775 his only son died, and on the 26th March thereafter the father resigned his life.

Besides the original poems in this volume Mr. West was author of a treatise on the Resurrection, generally known and admired, published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws 30th March 1748. It is believed that this work, together with Mr. West's pious conversation, paved the way for Lyttelton's Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, "a treatise," says Dr. Johnson, "to "which Infidelity has never been able to fabricate a "specious answer."

Mr. West's translations, *viz.* his Pindarick Odes, *&c.* make no part of this volume, which consists of originals, but these will appear in a separate publication under the general title of *Translations*, including in it the chief poems of the Greek and Roman writers.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO, IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

The Argument.

Archimage tempts the Redcrosse knight
From love of Fairyland
With shew of foreign pleasures all,
The which he doth withstand.

I.

WISE was that Spartan lawgiver of old
Who rais'd on Virtue's base his wellbuilt state,
Exiling from her walls barbarick gold,
With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate,
And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would soar,
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to lower.

II.

Yet would Corruption soon have entrance found,
And all his boasted schemes eftsoon decay'd,
Had not he cast a pow'rful circle round,
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd,
And ineffectual his foul engines made;
This was to weet that politick command
Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land
To learn deceitful arts and science contraband.

III.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and ſchools,
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd,
Great rabbins deeply read in Wiſdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embelliſh life and poliſh humankind:
Such, Aſia, birthplace of proud Monarchy!
Such, elder Egypt, in thy kingdoms ſhin'd,
Myſterious Egypt! the rank nurſery
Of ſuperſtitions fond and learned vanity.

IV.

But what accompliſhments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want his deeds to grace,
Whoſe manly virtues and heroick ſpright
Check'd by no thought impure no falſehood baſe,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners falſe and mimick pride?
And wherefore ſhould they range from place to place
Who to their country's love ſo firm were ty'd,
All homely as ſhe was, that for her oft' they dy'd?

V.

And ſooth * it is (with rev'rence may ye hear
And honour due to paſſion ſo refin'd)
The ſtrong affection which true patriots bear
To their dear country zealous is and blind,
And fond as is the love of womankind;
So that they may not her defects eſpy,
Ne other paragone † may ever find,

* Truth. † Rival, or one to compare with her.

But gazing on her with an awful eye
And superstitious zeal her learn to deify.

VI.

And like as is the faith unsound, untrue,
Of him who wand'ring aye from fair to fair
Conceiveth from each object passion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;
So with the patriot lover doth it fare,
Who thro' the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove
On none or all alike bestows his vagrant love.

VII.

Als * doth corruption in a distant soil
With double force assay † the youthful heart,
Expos'd suspectless to the traytor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to Pleasure's poison'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counsel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of shame or spur of publick praise.

VIII.

Forthy ‡ false Archimago, traytor vile!
Who burnt 'gainst Fairyland with ceaseless ire,
'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
Her faithful knight, and quench the heav'nly fire

* Moreover, besides. † Assault. ‡ Therefore.

That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire
With zeal unfeigned for her service true,
And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
Arm'd at all points, adventures to pursue,
And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way
Him soon the sly enchaunter overhent*,
Clad like a Fairy knight in armour gay,
With painted shield and spear right forward bent,
In knightly guise† and shew of hardiment‡,
That aye prepared was for bloody fight;
Whereat the Elfin‖ knight with speeches gent
Him first saluted, who well as he might
Him fair salutes again, as seemeth§ courteous knight.

X.

Then 'gan he purpose** frame of valiant deeds
Achiev'd by foreign knights of prowess†† great
And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat,
Of arts and sciences for warriour meet‡‡,
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him who liefer‖‖ chusing calm retreat
With Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs like as hath Bellona fell.

* Overtook. † Fashion. ‡ Courage. ‖ Fairy. § Beseemeth. ** Discourse, or argument. †† Might, valour, ‡‡ Proper, fit. ‖‖ Rather.

XI.

These, as he said, beseemed knight to know,
And all be they in Fairyland ytaught,
Where ev'ry art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
And such an one hath full perfection raught*
The which no skill may in another rear,
So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock that clomb so high in air
That from it he unneath† the murm'ring surge mote hear.

XII.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide
A spacious plain the false enchaunter show'd,
With goodly castles deck'd on ev'ry side,
And silver streams that down the champain flow'd,
And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the glist'ning waters play,
And tinge the castles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

XIII.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wond'ring knight,
And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet
Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,
And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.
Then him the traytor base 'gan fair entreat,
And from the rock as downward they descend
Of that blest land his praises 'gan repeat,

* Reach'd. † Hardly.

Till he him moved hath with him to wend*,
So to the billowy shore their hasty march they bend.

XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,
There sat a stranger wight† in quaint array,
That seem'd of various garbs attone‡ combin'd
Of Europe, Africk, East and Western inde:
Als round about him many creatures stood
Of sev'ral nations and of divers kind,
Apes, serpents, birds with human speech endow'd,
And monsters of the land and wonders of the flood.

XV.

He was to weet a mighty traveller
Who Curiosity thereafter night‖,
And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,
And ev'ry nation's latitude and site,
And how to steer the wand'ring bark aright.
So to him strait the false enchaunter bore,
And with him likewise brought the Redcrosse knight,
Then fairly him besought to wast them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark and reach'd the adverse shore.

XVI.

There when they landed were them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,
Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence, would force them stay,
And rest them in their bow'r not far away.

* To go. † Man or woman. ‡ Together. ‖ Was called.

Their bow'r, that moſt luxuriouſly was dight *
With all the dainties of air, earth, and ſea,
All that mote pleaſe the taſte and charm the ſight,
The pleaſure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled ſound
Of feaſt and ſong and laughing jollity,
That in the noiſe was all diſtinction drown'd
Of graver ſenſe or muſick's harmony:
Yet were there ſome in that blithe company
That aptly could diſcourſe of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wiſdom, and ſound policy;
Yet nould † they often ope their ſacred ſtore,
Ne might their voice be heard 'mid riot and uproar.

XVIII.

Thereto the joys of idleneſs and love,
And luxury, that beſots the nobleſt mind,
And cuſtom prevalent, at diſtance drove
All ſenſe and reliſh of a higher kind,
Whereby the ſoul to virtue is refin'd:
Inſtead whereof the arts of Slavery
Were taught, of Slavery perverſe and blind!
That vainly boaſts her native liberty,
Yet wears the chains of Pride, of Luſt, and Gluttony.

XIX.

Of which the Redcroſs knight right well aware
Would in no wiſe agree with them to go.

* Adorned, ſet forth. † Would not.

Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
Hight * Politeſſa, him did kindly woo:
But all was falſe pretence and hollow ſhow,
Falſe as the flow'rs which to their breaſts they ty'd,
Or thoſe which ſeemed in their cheeks to glow,
For both were falſe, and not by Nature dy'd,
Falſe rivals of the ſpring and beauty's roſy pride.

XX.

Then from behind them ſtraightway 'gan advaunce
An uncouth ſtripling quaintly habited,
As for ſome revel maſk or antick daunce,
All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
Als in a vizor black he ſhrouds his head,
The which he toſſed to and fro amain,
And eft † his lathy falchion brandiſhed,
As if he meant fierce battle to darrain ‡,
And like a wanton ape eft ſkipp'd he on the plain.

XXI.

And eft about him ſkipp'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolick, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careleſs notes their am'rous ſong,
Match'd with like careleſs gueſts like am'rous play:
Als were they gorgeous, dreſt in rich array,
And well accepted of that female train,
Whoſe hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye
Each proffer'd love receive without diſdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd ſwain.

* Called. † Often. ‡ Attempt.

XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flow'ry plain,
The whiles with am'rous leer and eyes askaunce
Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain,
Till all impatient of the tickling pain
In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending so their daunce each tender twain
To shady bow'rs forthwith themselves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves beside a silver lake.

XXIII.

Thereat the Redcross knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
To view in forms so made to be belov'd
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heav'nly virtue, dwell,
But lust instead, and falsehood, child of hell,
And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire;
And sooth to say them well could parallel
Their lusty paramours * in vain desire;
Well fitted to each dame was ev'ry gallant squire.

XXIV.

Yet when their sov'reign calls them forth to arms,
Their sov'reign, whose behests † they most revere,
Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
And wield with valour great the martial spear,
So that their name is dreaded far and near.

* Lovers. † Commands.

Oh! that for liberty they did fight!
Then need not Fairyland their prowess fear,
Ne give in charge to her advent'rous knight
Their friendship to beware and sense-deluding sleight.

XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But solely to aggrate * their mighty lord,
For whom their dearest blood they nillen † spare,
When so him listeth draw the conq'ring sword;
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall
Endu'd, ne with superiour wisdom stor'd,
Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely call.

XXVI.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
That all the petty kings him sore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any sort
With all the mimick pageantry of pride,
And worshipp'd be like him and deify'd
Of courtly sycophants and caitiffs ‡ vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow, and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

XXVII.

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,

* Please. † Will not. ‡ Scoundrels.

Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They caſt to imitate ſuch ſemblaunce fair,
And deeming meanly of their native lond
Their own rough virtues they diſdain to wear,
And back returning dreſt by foreign hond
Ne other matter care, ne other underſtond.

XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who ſore was griev'd
To ſee the knight reject thoſe damſels gay,
Wherewith he thought him ſure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majeſty's bright ray:
So to a ſtately caſtle he him brought
Which in the midſt of a great garden lay,
And wiſely was by cunning craftſmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd ſurpaſſing human thought.

XXIX.

There underneath a ſumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sat the ſwoln form of royal Surquedry *,
And deem'd itſelf allgates † ſome creature rare,
While its own haughty ſtate it mote compare
With the baſe count'nance of the vaſſal fry
That ſeem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear,
Ne any ſenſe, ne any faculty,
That did not to his throne owe ſervile miniſtry.

* Pride. † By all means, *omnino*.

XXX.

Yet wiſt he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's ſhrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly ſhow,
And as he liſt th' imperial puppet play'd
By ſecret ſprings and wheels right wifely made,
That he the ſubtle wires mote not avize *,
But deem in ſooth that all he did or ſaid
From his own motion and free grace did riſe,
And that he juſtly hight immortal, great, and wiſe.

XXXI.

And eke to each of that ſame gilded train
That meekly round that lordly throne did ſtand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magick chain
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land:
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And thoſe ſame magick chains within his hand
Did ſeem to place, albeit by the end [rend.
He held them faſt, that none them from his gripe mote

XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown ſo crafty ſage
That none his ſecret counſels mote deſcry,
Ne ſearch the mines of his deep ſubtlety:
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cheriſhed,

* Diſcover, perceive.

And traffick did promote and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in eaſe and plenty wallowed.

XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous ſplendour of the court,
Sith * the ſole buſ'neſs of the rich and great
Was to that hope-built temple to reſort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who with their pride to ſwell his royal ſtate
Did pour large ſums of gold on ev'ry one
Brought him by Harpies fell him to aggrate,
And torn from peaſants vile beneath the throne
Who lay deep ſunk in earth and inwardly did groan.

XXXIV.

Behold, ſays Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!
Behold yon' ſun of pow'r whoſe glorious light
O'er this rejoicing land outbeaming wide
Calls up thoſe princely flow'rs on ev'ry ſide,
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne ſpin, ne ſtain their ſilken pride
With care or ſorrow, ſith withouten pain
Them in eternal joy thoſe heav'nly beams maintain.

XXXV.

Them morn and ev'ning joy eternal greets,
And for them thouſands and ten thouſands moil †,
Gath'ring from land and ocean honey'd ſweets

* Since. † Work hard.

For them who in ſoft indolence the while
And ſlumb'ring peace enjoy the luſcious ſpoil,
And as they view around the careful bees
Foreſpent * with labour and inceſſant toil,
With the ſweet contraſt learn themſelves to pleaſe,
And heighten by compare the luxury of eaſe.

XXXVI.

Ungen'rous man! quoth then the Fairy knight,
That can rejoice to ſee another's wo!
And thou unworthy of that glory bright
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
That doth on ſloth and gluttony beſtow
The hardearn'd fruits of induſtry and pain,
And to the dogs the lab'rer's morſel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that ſow'd the grain,
The poor earthtrodden root of all thy greatneſs vain.

XXXVII.

Oh! foul abuſe of ſacred Majeſty,
That boaſteth her fair ſelf from heav'n yſprong!
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, juſtice ſteady, bold and ſtrong,
To aid the meek and curb oppreſſive wrong?
Where is the care and love of publick good
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vicegerent of that bounteous God
Who bids diſpenſe to all what he for all beſtow'd?

* Quite ſpent.

XXXVIII.

Dwell'ſt thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
In Pandemonium, full of ugly fiends?
Diſſimulation, Diſcord, Malice fell,
Reckleſs Ambition, that right onward wends *,
Tho' his wild march o'erthrow both fame and friends,
And virtue and his country, crooked Guile
Obliquely creeping to his treach'rous ends,
And Flatt'ry, curs'd aſſaſſin! who the while [ſmile.
He holds the murd'rous knife can fawn, and kiſs, and

XXXIX.

Then 'gan he ſtrait unvail the mirrour bright
The which fair Una † gave him heretofore
Ere he as yet with Paynim ‡ foe to fight
For foreign land had left his native ſhore:
This in his careful breaſt he always bore,
And on it oft would caſt his wary eye,
For it by magick framed was of yore,
So that no falſehood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly ſeen or fearfully did fly.

XL.

This on that gay aſſembly did he turn,
And ſaw confounded quite the gaudy ſcene,
Saw the cloſe fire that inwardly did burn
And waſte the throbbing heart with ſecret teen ||,

* Goes.
† Una in Spenſer repreſents Truth. See B. I. Fairy Queen.
‡ Heathen, the uſual enemy of Knight-errants in Spenſer.
|| Pain, anguiſh.

Saw baſe Dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes, ſaw the magick chain,
That each did wear but deem'd he wore unſeen,
The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain
And homage did require from each poor lowly ſwain.

XLI.

And tho' to that old mage they louted down
Yet did they dearly wiſh for his decay;
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his tott'ring ſteps did ſtay,
And oft' behind him ſkulk'd for great diſmay;
Als ſhook the throne, when ſo the villain crew
That underneath oppreſs'd and grov'lling lay
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redreſs and liberty did ſue.

XLII.

There mote he likewiſe ſee a ribbald train
Of dauncers, broid'rers, ſlaves of luxury,
Who caſt o'er all thoſe lords and ladies vain
A veil of ſemblaunce fair and richeſt dye,
That none their inward baſeneſs mote deſcry:
But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright,
Which when falſe Archimago 'gan eſpy
He feared for himſelf, and warn'd the knight
From ſo deteſted place to maken ſpeedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he paſſed till he comen hath
To a ſmall river that full ſlow did glide,

As it uneath mote find its wat'ry path
For ſtones and rubbiſh that did choke its tide;
So lay the mould'ring piles on ev'ry ſide
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her auncient greatneſs ſtill be ſeen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

XLIV.

For the rich ſpoil of all the continents,
The boaſt of art and nature, there was brought,
Corinthian braſs, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphick ſculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles by Greek artiſts taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And ſet before the eye of ſober Thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold:
All theſe and many more that may not here be told.

XLV.

There in the middeſt of a ruin'd pile
That ſeem'd a theatre of circuit vaſt
Where thouſands might be ſeated, he erewhile
Diſcover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of ſtone together caſt
In nice diſorder and wild ſymmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, ſtatues half defac'd,
And pedeſtals with antick imagery
Emboſs'd, and pillars huge of coſtly porphyry.

XLVI.

Aloft on this ſtrange baſis was yright *
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye ſmiling with ſelf-bred delight,
In careleſs pride reclin'd a lady fair,
And to ſoft muſick lent her idle ear,
The which with pleaſure ſo did her enthral,
That for aught elſe ſhe had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle Love, ſole king of pleaſures natural.

XLVII.

Als by her ſide in richeſt robes array'd
An eunuch ſat, of viſage pale and dead,
Unſeemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him ſhe courted oft' and honoured,
And oft' would by her place in princely ſted †,
Tho' from the dregs of earth he ſpringen were,
And oft' with regal crowns ſhe deck'd his head,
And oft' to ſooth her vain and fooliſh ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty Keſars ‡ bear.

XLVIII.

Thereto herſelf a pompous title bore,
For ſhe was vain of her great anceſtry,
But vainer ſtill of that prodigious ſtore
Of arts and learning which ſhe vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treaſury:

* Placed. † Seat or place. ‡ Emperours.

These she to strangers ostentimes would shew
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù she was yclept *, and held her court
With outward shews of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort
But men of base and vulgar industry,
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of Masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

L.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copy'd of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And gen'rous purpose to adorn the breast
With lib'ral arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes, and names, and coins, away do bear.

LI.

For long to visit her oncehonour'd seat
The studious sons of Learning have forbore,

* Called or named.

Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable relicks to adore,
And load their boſom with the ſacred ſtore,
Whereof the world large treaſure yet enjoys;
But ſithence * ſhe declin'd from wiſdom's lore
They left her to diſplay her pompous toys
To virtuoſi vain and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a num'rous train doth long †
Of uſhers, in her court well practiſed,
Who aye about the money'd ſtranger throng,
Off'ring with ſhews of courteous bountihed ‡
Him thro' the rich apartments all to lead,
And ſhew him all the wonders of her ſtate,
Whoſe names and price they wiſely can areed ‖,
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures falſe and true right well diſcriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him whoſe tongue
Shook the Dictator in his curule chair,
And thund'ring thro' the Roman Senate rung
His bold Philippicks in Antonius' ear;
Which when the Fairy heard he ſigh'd full dear,
And caſting round his quick diſcerning eye,

* Since. † Belong. ‡ Goodnature or civility.
‖ Relate or declare. Theſe under ſort of antiquaries, who go about with ſtrangers to ſhew them the antiquities, &c. of Rome, are called Cicironi.

At ev'ry deal * he dropt a manly tear
As he the ſtately buildings mote deſcry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mould'ring fragments lie.

LIV.

And oh! imperial City! then he ſaid,
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
Whereon like Jove on high Olympus' head
Thou ſittedſt erſt unequall'd and alone,
And madeſt thro' the world thy greatneſs known,
While from the weſtern iſles to Indus' ſhore,
From ſev'n-mouth'd Nilus to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the ſtrong pounc'd Eagle bore,
And taught the nations round thy faſces to adore.

LV.

And doth among thy relicks nought remain,
No little portion, of that haughty ſpright
Which made thee whilom ſcorn ſoft Pleaſure's chain
And in free virtue place thy chief delight,
Whereby thro' ages ſhone thy glory bright?
And is there nought remaining to confound
Thoſe who regardleſs of thy woful plight
With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
And without thought ſurvey thy memorable wound?

LVI.

Ariſe, thou genuine Cicero! and declare
That all theſe mighty ruins ſcatter'd wide

* At every turn, every now and then.

The ſepulchres of Roman virtue were,
And trophies vaſt of luxury and pride,
Thoſe fell diſeaſes whereof Rome erſt dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanick thought
Your courſe, ye Sons of Fairy! hither guide,
That ye thoſe gay refinements may be taught
Which Liberty's fair lond to ſhame and thraldom [brought?

LVII.

Let Rome thoſe vaſſal arts now meanly boaſt
Which to her vanquiſh'd thralls ſhe erſt reſign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom ſhe has loſt,
That great prerogative of humankind,
Cloſe to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich poſſeſſion to maintain:
Learn virtue, juſtice, conſtancy of mind,
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleaſure's train;
Be theſe your arts, ye Brave! theſe only are humane.

LVIII.

As he thus ſpake th' enchaunter, half aſham'd,
Wiſt not what fitting anſwer to deviſe,
Als was his caitive heart well nigh inflam'd
By that ſame knight ſo virtuous, brave, and wiſe,
That long he doubts him farther to entice:
But he was harden'd and remorſeleſs grown
Thro' practice old of villainy and vice,
So to his former wiles he turns him ſoon,
As in another place hereafter ſhall be ſhown.

EDUCATION.

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

Inſcribed to

LADY LANGHAM, WIDOW OF SIR JO. LANGHAM, BT.

" Unum ſtudium vere liberale eſt, quod liberum facit. Hoc ſapientiæ
" ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte, magnanimum: cætera puſilla et puerilia
" ſunt.—Plus ſcire velle quam ſit ſatis intemperantiæ genus eſt. Quid,
" quod iſta liberalium artium conſectatio moleſtos, verboſos, intem-
" peſtivos, ſibi placentes facit, et ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia
" ſupervacua didicerunt." SEN. *Ep.* 88.

O Goodly Diſcipline! from Heav'n yſprong,
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
O! bid thoſe Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind,
O! bid the Muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize, the ſtrain
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain.

And thou, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heav'nly Providence,
With tend'reſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe,
With mildeſt awe and virtuous influence

Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence,
Where Happiness heartfelt, Contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat;

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd!
Accept this Verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not if by each tie endear'd
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture* o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view,
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valu'd gifts thy careful love bestow'd,
If imitating thee well as I may
I labour to diffuse th' important good
Till this great truth by all be understood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,
"The seeds of ev'ry virtue here below,
"From discipline alone and early culture grow."

* Nurture, education.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight as to Pædia's * houſe
He his young ſon conveys
Is ſtaid by Cuſtom, with him fights,
And his vain pride diſdays.

I.

A Gentle knight there was whoſe noble deeds
O'er Fairyland by Fame were blazon'd round;
For warlike enterprize and ſage areeds†
Among the chief alike was he renown'd,
Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domeſtick peace,
That port to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life for calm ſequeſter'd eaſe.

II.

There in domeſtick virtue rich and great,
As erſt in publick, 'mid his wide domain
Long in primeval patriarchal ſtate
The lord, the judge, the father, of the plain
He dwelt; and with him in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd a matron ſage
Aye dwelt, ſweet partner of his joy and pain!
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs his ſorrows to aſſuage!

* Pædia is a Greek word ſignifying education.
† Areeds, counſels.

III.

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins, like the beauteous grove
Which round the temple of Olympick Jove
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree *,
The ſacred olive, whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons † of bold ſtrength and ſwift activity.

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly roſe
Theſe gen'rous ſcions; they with watchful care
Still as the ſwelling paſſions 'gan diſcloſe
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young ſhoots to rear,
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer ſage ‡ inſtructed were,
Who from deep thought and ſtudious ſearch erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart and till the human ſoil.

* *Parent tree, the ſacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or ſacred grove of Olympick Jupiter, at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was eſteemed ſacred, and from that were taken the Olympick crowns.

† Guerdons, rewards.

‡ Palmer, pilgrim. The perſon here ſignified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

V.

For by celeſtial Wiſdom whilom led
Thro' all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the ſecret ſtores, and mark'd the ſted*
To judgment, wit, and memory, aſſign'd,
And how ſenſation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darkſome grotte,
Where variouſly diſjointed or combin'd
As reaſon, fancy, or opinion, wrought, [thought.
Their various maſks they play'd, and fed her penſive

VI.

Als† thro' the fields of Science had he ſtray'd
With eager ſearch, and ſent his piercing eye
Thro' each learn'd ſchool, each philoſophick ſhade,
Where Truth and Virtue erſt were deem'd to lie,
If haply the fair vagrants he mote‡ ſpy,
Or hear the muſick of their charming lore;
But all unable there to ſatisfy
His curious ſoul, he turn'd him to explore
The ſacred writ of Faith, to learn, believe, adore.

VII.

Thence foe profeſs'd of Falſehood and Deceit,
Thoſe fly artificers of Tyranny,
Aye‖ holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,

* Sted, place, ſtation. † Als, alſo, further. ‡ Mote, might.
‖ Aye, ever.

And mild Religion's charitable law,
That fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrours awe.

VIII.

Ne * with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride,
But ſtooping from his height would even deign
The feeble ſteps of Infancy to guide;
Eternal glory him therefore betide;
Let ev'ry gen'rous youth his praiſe proclaim
Who wand'ring thro' the world's rude foreſt wide
By him hath been ytaught his courſe to frame
To Virtue's ſweet abodes and heav'n-aſpiring Fame!

IX.

For this the Fairy knight with anxious thought
And fond paternal care his counſel pray'd,
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid,
The while his tender offspring he convey'd
Thro' devious paths to that ſecure retreat
Where ſage Pædia with each tuneful maid
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural ſeat,
'Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that ſame virtuous palmer them to guide,

* Ne, nor.

Arm'd all to point, and on a courſer fair
Ymounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he ſlow did ride:
Him eke behind a gentle ſquire enſues*,
With his young lord aye marching ſide by ſide,
His counſellour and guard in goodly thews†,
Who well had been brought up and nurs'd by ev'ry

XI. [Muſe.

Thus as their pleaſing journey they purſu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long deſcending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes outſtretch'd a ſpacious plain,
That fruitful ſhew'd and apt for ev'ry grain,
For paſtures, vines, and flow'rs, while Nature fair
Sweet-ſmiling all around with count'nance fain‡
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care
Her wildneſs to correct, her laviſh waſte repair.

XII.

Right good I ween and bounteous was the ſoil,
Aye wont in happy ſeaſon to repay
With tenfold uſury the peaſant's toil,
But now it was ruin all and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay, [grown,
The ſheep ſhorne down with barren brakes‖ o'er-
The whiles the merry peaſants ſport and play
All as the publick evil were unknown,
Or ev'ry publick care from ev'ry breaſt was flown.

* Enſues, follows. † Thews, manners. ‡ Fain, earneſt, eager. ‖ Brakes, briers.

XIII.

Aſtoniſh'd at a ſcene at once ſo fair
And ſo deform'd, with wonder and delight
At man's neglect and Nature's bounty rare,
In ſtudious thought a while the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond* his eager ſight,
Then forward ruſh'd, impatient to deſcry
What towns and caſtles therein were empight†,
For towns him ſeem'd and caſtles he did ſpy,
As to th' horizon round he ſtretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came
To a wide ſtream that with tumultuous roar
Amongſt rude rocks its winding courſe did frame:
Black was the wave and ſordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and ſtain'd with infants' gore:
Thereto along th' unlovely margin ſtood
A birchen grove that waving from the ſhore
Aye caſt upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoiſon'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the center of the vale empight
Not diſtant far a forked mountain roſe,
In outward form preſenting to the ſight
That fam'd Parnaſſian hill on whoſe fair brows
The Nine Aonian Siſters wont repoſe,
Liſt'ning to ſweet Caſtalia's ſounding ſtream,

* Lond, land. † Empight, placed.

Which thro' the plains of Cirrha murm'ring flows,
But this to that compar'd mote juſtly ſeem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's eſteem.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep nor ſpredden wide,
Nor high uprais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art thro' tedious years apply'd,
From various parts compil'd with ſtudious pain,
Was erſt * upthrown, if ſo it mote attain,
Like that poetick mountain, to be hight †
The noble ſeat of Learning's goodly train;
Thereto the more to captivate the ſight
It like a garden fair moſt curiouſly was dight ‡.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls enclos'd
By meaſure and by rule it was outlay'd,
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd, ſhade to ſhade,
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flow'rs,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Thro' ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhow'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

XVIII.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on ev'ry ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,

* Erſt, formerly. † Hight, called, named. ‡ Dight, dreſt.

And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhorne, and with prepoſt'rous ſkill
To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous ſize,
Huge as that giant race who hill on hill
High-heaping, ſought with impious vain emprize *
Deſpite of thund'ring Jove to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

XIX.

Als other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair Nature miſadorning there were found,
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids, and piers,
With ſprouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd,
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd,
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt,
All † were their bellying ſails outſpread to ev'ry blaſt.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes upthrown,
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows
And viſtos broad the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne ſhone;
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains and Grecian Helicon,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful ſummers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold.

* Emprize, enterprize, attempt.
† All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh poets for although.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antick form reclin'd,
In mimick majeſty Nine Virgins ſate,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Als boaſted they themſelves of heav'nly kind,
And to the ſweet Parnaſſian Nymphs ally'd, [twin'd,
Thence round their brows the Delphick bay they
And matching with high names their apiſh pride
O'er ev'ry learned ſchool aye claim'd they to preſide.

XXII.

In antick garbs (for modern they diſdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artiſts whilom * made,
Of various woofs and variouſly diſtain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiouſly diſplay'd
A purple ſhred of ſome rich robe, prepar'd
Erſt by the Muſes or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard, [glar'd.
Which o'er each motley veſt with uncouth ſplendour

XXIII.

And well their outward veſture did expreſs
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wiſdom's antiquated dreſs,
And uſages by time caſt far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,

* Whilom, formerly.

The cuſtoms, laws, the learning, arts, and phraſe,
Of their own countries they with ſcorn declin'd;
Ne ſacred Truth herſelf would they embrace
Unwarranted unknown in their forefathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward caſting their ſurvey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in proſpect lay
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
Their buſy ſearch, and o'er the rubbiſh mourn;
Then gath'ring up with ſuperſtitious care
Each little ſcrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagirite, did wear.

XXV.

Yet under names of venerable ſound
While o'er the world they ſtretch'd their awful rod
Thro' all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wiſe and good;
Als from each region to their drad * abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taſte
The ſtreams of Science which united flow'd
Adown the mount from nine rich ſources caſt,
And to the vale below in one rude torrent paſt.

XXVI.

O'er ev'ry ſource, protectreſs of the ſtream,
One of thoſe Virgin Siſters did preſide,

* Drad, dreadful.

Who dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of ſcholaſtick pride,
Deſpotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide,
Vain love of praiſe with adulation join'd,
And diſingenuous ſcorn and impotence of mind.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on ev'ry ſide
In circuit vaſt a verdant valley ſpread,
Acroſs whoſe uniform flat boſom glide
Ten thouſand ſtreams, in winding mazes led
By various ſluices from one common head;
A turbid maſs of waters, vaſt, profound!
Hight of Philology the lake, and fed
By that rude torrent which with roaring ſound
Came tumbling from the hill and flow'd the level round.

XXVIII.

And ev'ry where this ſpacious valley o'er
Faſt by each ſtream was ſeen a num'rous throng
Of beardleſs ſtriplings, to the birch crown'd ſhore
By nurſes, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along,
Who helpleſs, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender ſide
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours* ſtrong,

* Faitour, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly uſed by Spenſer in a bad ſenſe.

By pow'r made inſolent and hard by pride,
Were driv'n with furious rage, and laſh'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they ſtood,
And caſting round their oft' reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'ſcape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Conſtrain'd his ſtrong compunctions to repreſs,
While cloſe behind, aſſuming the diſguiſe
Of nurt'ring Care and ſmiling Tenderneſs,
With ſecret ſcourges arm'd thoſe griſly faitours preſs.

XXX.

As on the ſteepy margin of a brook,
When the young Sun with flow'ry Maia rides,
With innocent diſmay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides,
The ſhepherd-ſwain at firſt exhorting chides
Their ſeely * fear, at length impatient grown
With his rude crook he wounds their tender ſides,
And all regardleſs of their piteous moan
Into the daſhing wave compels them furious down:

XXXI.

Thus urg'd by maſt'ring fear and dolorous teen †
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd,
Right piteous was the ſpectacle I wēen,
Of tender ſtriplings ſtain'd with tears and blood,

* Seely, ſimple. † Teen, pain, grief.

Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood,
And lab'ring to attain the diſtant ſhore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood ſtood
The Siren Liberty, and evermore
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

XXXII.

Irkſome and long the paſſage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide
By ſudden burſts of angry tempeſts vex'd
Oft' daſh'd the youth, whoſe ſtrength mote ill abide
With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride;
Whence many weary'd ere they had o'erpaſt
The middle ſtream (for they in vain have try'd)
Again return'd aſtounded * and aghaſt,
Ne one regardful look would ever backward caſt.

XXXIII.

Some of a rugged more enduring frame
Their toilſome courſe with patient pain purſu'd,
And tho' with many a bruiſe and muchel † blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd
Deep in the muddy ſtream, with hearts ſubdu'd
And quail'd by labour gain'd the ſhore at laſt,
But in life's practick lear ‡ unſkill'd and rude
Forth to that forked hill they ſilent pac'd,
Where hid in ſtudious ſhades their fruitleſs hours they waſte.

* Aſtounded, aſtoniſh'd. † Muchel, much. ‡ Lear, learning.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Tho' with the crowd to paſs the flood conſtrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths ſuſtain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unſtain'd,
Save with the ſprinkling of the wat'ry ſpray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd
Of ignorance, and eaſe, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas! how few! by Heav'n's high will
With ſubtle ſpirits endow'd and ſinews ſtrong,
Albe * ſore mated † by the tempeſts ſhrill
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briſkly thro' the waves, and forces new
Gath'ring from toil, and ardor from the throng
Of rival youths, outſtript the lab'ring crew,
And to the true Parnaſſe ‡ and heav'n-throng'd glory

XXXVI. [flew.

Dire was the tumult! and from ev'ry ſhore
Diſcordant echoes ſtruck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with ſobs and ſingults || ſore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,

* Albe, although. † Mated, amazed, ſcared.
‡ Parnaſſe, Parnaſſus. || Singults, ſighs.

And furious ſtripes and angry threats ſevere,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring ſound
Of all the various ſpeeches that whilere *
On Shinar's wideſpread champain did aſtound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works [confound.

XXXVII.

Much was the knight empaſſion'd at the ſcene,
But more his blooming ſon, whoſe tender breaſt
Empierced deep with ſympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the ſigns of drad impreſs'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears which ſore diſtreſs'd;
Up to his ſire he rais'd in mournful wiſe,
Who with ſweet ſmiles paternal ſoon redreſs'd
His troublous thoughts and clear'd each ſad ſurmiſe,
Then turns his ready ſteed and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was ſtay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united ſound
Of ſhouting myriads thro' the valley bray'd,
And ſhook the groves, the floods, and ſolid ground;
The diſtant hills rebellow'd all around.
" Arreſt, Sir Knight," it cry'd, " thy fond career,
" Nor with preſumptuous diſobedience wound
" That awful majeſty which all revere! [hear."
" In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the knight and ſaw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait

* Whilere, formerly.

And viſage all inflam'd with fierce diſdain
A monſtrous giant, on whoſe brow elate
Shone the bright enſign of imperial ſtate,
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none,
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft' create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While ſenates prieſts and kings his ſovran *ſceptre
[own.

XL.

Cuſtom he hight, and aye in ev'ry land
Uſurp'd dominion with deſpotick ſway
O'er all he holds, and to his high command
Conſtrains ev'n ſtubborn Nature to obey,
Whom diſpoſſeſſing oft' he doth aſſay
To govern in her right; and with a pace
So ſoft and gentle doth he win his way,
That ſhe unwares is caught in his embrace,
And tho' deflour'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul
[diſgrace.

XLI.

For nurt'ring ev'n from their tendereſt age
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to ev'ry ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain:
Als his beheſts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuades them to revere
As inſtitutions ſage and venerable lear.

* Sovran, for ſovereign.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of thoſe Siſters Nine
Who there enthron'd with many a copious rill
Feed the full ſtreams that thro' the valley ſhine
He deemed was, and aye with rites divine,
Like thoſe which Sparta's * hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore
Perforce their ſacred names and learn their ſacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the Fairy knight now drawing near
With voice terrifick and imperious mien,
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear
When known and practis'd then at diſtance ſeen)
And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth upon threaten'd pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain,
And all due honours pay to Learning's rev'rend train.

XLIV.

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. "And I myſelf," ſays Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus, "have ſeen ſeveral of them "endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana "ſurnamed Orthia."

As one who little car'd to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great diſmay
In ev'ry quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd,
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant lay *
Him to thoſe ſcientifick ſtreams convey'd,
With many his young compeers, therein to be em-

XLV. [bay'd †.

The knight his tender ſon's diſtreſsful ſtour ‡
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew,
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that pow'r
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew:
For that proud giant's force he wiſely knew
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor deſy'd
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from virtue's paths aſide,
Oft' had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

XLVI.

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear,
Wherewith the giant he ſo rudely ſmot
That him perforce conſtrain'd to wend ‖ arrear;
Who much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recov'ring ſoon,
Forthwith his maſſy ſceptre 'gan uprear,

* Lay, mead. † Embay'd, bathed, dipt. ‡ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c. ‖ Wend arrear, move backwards.

For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldeſt fone *.

XLVII.

With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
So ſore he bet † that all his armour bray'd ‡,
To pieces well nigh riv'n with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but he was ſtay'd,
And ever with delib'rate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray,
From cautious prudence oft' deriving aid
When force unequal did him hard aſſay;
So lightly from his ſteed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his trenchant || blade
High o'er his head he held his fenceful ſhield,
And warily forecaſting to evade
The giant's furious arm, about him wheel'd,
With reſtleſs ſteps aye traverſing the field,
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride
Thro' rage defenceleſs mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft' he did him gride §
That his gold ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dy'd.

XLIX.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were pight *

* Fone, foes. † Bet, beat. ‡ Bray'd, reſounded.
|| Trenchant, cutting. § Gride, cut, hack. * Pight, placed.

The ſorts of life; ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite
A pow'r ſo puiſſant, by his ſingle might
Did he preſume to hope: himſelf alone
From lawleſs force to free in bloody fight
He ſtood, content to bow to Cuſtom's throne
So reaſon mote not bluſh his ſovran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded and ſo fiercely preſt
His foe, that weary wex'd he of the fray,
Yet nould he algates * lower his haughty creſt,
But maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay
Diſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly caſting on the warlike Fay †
A ſmile of ſcorn and pity, thro' the air
'Gan blow his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

LI.

Eftſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound,
The ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
Came pouring o'er the plain a num'rous throng
Of ev'ry ſex and order, old and young,
The vaſſals of great Cuſtom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by uſage long
His ev'ry ſummons heard with pleaſure fain,
And felt his ev'ry wound with ſympathetick pain.

* Nould he algates, would not by any means. † Fay, Fairy.

LII.

They when their bleeding king they did behold,
And ſaw an armed knight him ſtanding near,
Attended by that palmer ſage and bold
Whoſe vent'rous ſearch of devious truth whilere
Spread thro' the realms of learning horrours drear
Yſeized were at firſt with terrors great,
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Diſſention factious, controverſial hate,
And innovations ſtrange, in Cuſtom's peaceful ſtate.

LIII.

But when they ſaw the knight his fauchion ſheathe,
And climbing to his ſteed march thence away
With all his hoſtile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer ſpirit, and with aſpect gay
Soon chas'd the gath'ring clouds of black afray:
Als their great monarch cheared with the view
Of myriads who confeſs his ſovran ſway
His ruffled pride began to plume anew,
And on his bugle clear a ſtrain of triumph blew.

LIV.

Thereat the multitude that ſtood around
Sent up at once a univerſal roar
Of boiſt'rous joy: the ſudden-burſting ſound
Like the exploſion of a warlike ſtore
Of nitrous grain th' afflicted welkin * tore:
Then turning tow'rds the knight with ſcoffings lewd,

* Welkin, ſky.

Heart-piercing inſults and revilings ſore,
Loud burſts of laughter vain and hiſſes rude,
As thro' the throng he paſs'd his parting ſteps purſu'd.

LV.

Als from that forked hill, the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious Peace and mild Philoſophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſt'ring their rage, eke baleful Infamy,
Rous'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe ſame Maidens Nine, began to ſound
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy,
While Satire with dark clouds encompaſt round
Sharp ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

LVI.

But the brave Fairy knight, no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain,
With curious eye obſerving as he ſtray'd
Thro' the wide provinces of Cuſtom's reign
What mote afreſh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound,
In city, village, bow'r, or caſtle, mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, caſtle, bow'r, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual gen'ral jubilee,

Ne ſuffer'd ought diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne publick woes,
Reſtraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor heav'n's tempeſt'ous threats, nor earth's convul-[ſive throes.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heav'n's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on Fortune's upper ſtage,
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on Nurture and Inſtruction ſage,
If happy their wiſe heſts * mote them engage
To climb thro' knowledge to more noble praiſe,
And as they mount enlighten ev'ry age
With the bright influence of fair virtue's rays, [blaze.
Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter

LIX.

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endu'd
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abus'd the means of pleaſures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence,
And fett'ring on her throne th' immortal Mind
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſign'd.

LX.

Hence thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they eſſay,

* Heſts, beheſts, precepts, commands.

But or benumb'd with palſy'd idleneſs
In merely living loiter'd life away,
Or by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For ever wand'ring in the ſenſual bow'rs
Of feverish Debauch and luſtful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

LXI.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate and purer mind,
Tho' the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd board
Of beaſtly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects thro' the ſummer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd,
And taſting ev'ry flow'r and bloſſom fair
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought
Whom Nature prompts and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd ſo taught the leaders of mankind,
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And leaving toil and poverty behind
Ran forth by diff'rent ways the bliſsful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for ev'ry where
As nigh great Cuſtom's royal tow'rs the knight

Paſs'd thro' th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival Delight
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended, and again with dewy night
In cover'd theatres or leafy bow'rs
Off'ring her ev'ning vows to Pleaſure's joyous pow'rs.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he eſpy
Men, women, children, a promiſcuous throng
Of rich, poor, wiſe and ſimple, low and high,
By land, by water, paſſing aye along
With murmurs, anticks, muſick, dance, and ſong,
To Pleaſure's num'rous temples, that beſide
The gliſt'ning ſtreams, or tufted groves among,
To ev'ry idle foot ſtood open wide,
And ev'ry gay deſire with various joys ſupply'd.

LXV.

For there each earth with diverſe charms to move
The ſly enchantreſs ſummon'd all her train,
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant Love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who when blind Fortune throws directs the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his ſoft Lydian ſtrain
To wanton motions and the lover's ſigh,
And thought-beguiling ſhew and maſking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet aſſociates theſe for noble youth
Who to true honour meaneth to aſpire,
And for the works of Virtue, Faith, and Truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire,
The which avizing well the cautious ſire
From that ſoft Siren land of Pleaſaunce vain
With timely haſte was minded to retire
Or ere * the ſweet contagion mote attain
His ſon's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious ſtain.

LXVII.

So turning from that beaten road aſide
Thro' many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoare they came at laſt,
Whoſe high-rais'd brows, with ſylvan honours grac'd,
Majeſtically frown'd upon the plain,
And over all an awful horrour caſt;
Seem'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain
Which ſpangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill aſcended ſtrait, erewhile they came
To a tall grove, whoſe thick-embow'ring ſhade,
Impervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made,
Like to that ſober light which diſarray'd

* Or ere, before.

Of all its gorgeous robe with blunted beams
Thro' windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd
Along ſome cloiſter'd abbey faintly gleams, [themes.
Abſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-muſing

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'erarching canopy
Of cluſt'ring oaks, a ſylvan colonnade,
Aye liſt'ning to the native melody
Of birds ſweet echoing thro' the lonely ſhade,
On to the center of the grove they ſtray'd,
Which in a ſpacious circle op'ning round
Within its ſhelt'ring arms ſecurely laid,
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artleſs ſmiles and tranquil beauties

LXX. [crown'd:

There on the baſis of an ancient pile,
Whoſe croſs-ſurmounted ſpire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable matron they erewhile
Diſcover'd have, beſide a murm'ring flood
Reclining in right ſad and penſive mood:
Retir'd within her own abſtracted breaſt
She ſeem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns expreſt,
Now glowing with diſdain, with grief now overkeſt.*

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When as the knight perceiv'd he nearer drew,

* Overkeſt, for overcaſt.

To weet what bitter bale did her aſtound,
And whence th' occaſion of her anguiſh grew;
For that right noble matron well he knew,
And many perils huge and labours ſore
Had for her ſake endur'd; her vaſſal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to reſpect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

"O deareſt Drad!" he cry'd, "fair Iſland Queen!
"Mother of heroes! Empreſs of the main!
"What means that ſtormy brow of troublous teen,
"Sith * heav'n-born Peace, with all her ſmiling train
"Of ſciences and arts, adorns thy reign [nown? 644
"With wealth and knowledge, ſplendour and re-
"Each port how throng'd! how fruitful ev'ry plain!
"How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
"While Liberty ſecures and heightens ev'ry boon!"

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of penſive wo
By theſe fair flatt'ring words, ſhe rais'd her head,
And bending on the knight her frowning brow,
"Mock'ſt thou my ſorrows, Fairy Son?" ſhe ſaid;
"Or is thy judgment by thy heart miſled
"To deem that certain which thy hopes ſuggeſt?
"To deem them full of life and luſtihead† 655
"Whoſe cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dreſt, [preſt?
"And with Joy's careleſs mien and dimpled ſmiles im-

* Sith, ſince. † Luſtihead, ſtrong health, vigour.

LXXIV.

" Thy unſuſpecting heart how nobly good
" I know, how ſanguine in thy country's cauſe,
" And mark'd thy virtue ſingly how it ſtood
" Th' aſſaults of mighty Cuſtom, which o'erawes
" The faint and tim'rous mind, and oft' withdraws
" From Reaſon's lore th' ambitious and the vain,
" By the ſweet lure of popular applauſe
" Againſt their better knowledge to maintain
" The lawleſs throne of Vice or Folly's childiſh reign.

LXXV.

" How vaſt his influence, how wide his ſway,
" Thyſelf erewhile by proof didſt underſtand,
" And ſawſt, as thro' his realms thou tookſt thy way,
" How vice and folly had o'erſpread the land:
" And canſt thou then, O Fairy Son! demand
" The reaſon of my wo? or hope to eaſe
" The throbbings of my heart with ſpeeches bland,
" And words more apt my ſorrows to increaſe,
" The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty, and

LXXVI. Peace?

" Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that nobleſt boon,
" Are bleſſings only to the wiſe and good;
" To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
" And thence abus'd, but ſerve to furniſh food
" For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
" With high-ſpic'd luxury, whence Strife, Debate,
" Ambition, Envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,

" Contempt of order, manners profligate,
" The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeas'd, and bloated ſtate.

LXXVII.

" Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
" Of Arts and Muſes, tho' from Heav'n above
" Deſcended, when their talents they profane
" To varniſh folly, kindle wanton love,
" And aid excentrick ſceptick pride to rove
" Beyond celeſtial Truth's attractive ſphere,
" This moral ſyſtem's central ſun, aye prove
" To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
" And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

LXXVIII.

" And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
" Have they conſider'd well and underſtood
" The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear
" Which the great Lord of Nature hath beſtow'd
" As well to prove as to reward the good?
" Whence are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy ſeas
" Of vice, in which as in his proper flood
" The fell Leviathan licentious plays, [preys?
" And upon ſhipwreck'd Faith and ſinking Virtue

LXXIX.

" To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
" With friendly voice I call and honeſt zeal;
" Upon your vital influences wait
" The health and ſickneſs of the commonweal:
" The maladies you cauſe yourſelves muſt heal.

" In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
" Will Truth and Reaſon make their juſt appeal,
" In vain will ſacred Wiſdom cry aloud,
" And Juſtice drench in vain her vengeful ſword in [blood.

LXXX.

" With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
" You are the head the intellectual mind
" Of this vaſt body politick, whoſe baſe
" And vulgar limbs to drudgery conſign'd
" All the rich ſtores of Science have reſign'd
" To you, that by the craftſman's various toil,
" The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
" In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
" You for yourſelves and them may dreſs the mental [ſoil.

LXXXI.

" Bethink you then, my Children! of the truſt
" In you repos'd; ne let your heav'n-born mind
" Conſume in pleaſure or unactive ruſt,
" But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
" The godlike taſk, to teach and mend mankind!
" Learn that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
" Yourſelves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
" And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
" Example is a leſſon that all men can read.

LXXXII.

" But if (to all or moſt I do not ſpeak)
" In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old
" The ſtrong Circæan charm you cannot break,

" Contempt of order, manners profligate,
" The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeas'd, and bloated ſtate.

LXXVII.

" Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
" Of Arts and Muſes, tho' from Heav'n above
" Deſcended, when their talents they profane
" To varniſh folly, kindle wanton love,
" And aid excentrick ſceptick pride to rove
" Beyond celeſtial Truth's attractive ſphere,
" This moral ſyſtem's central ſun, aye prove
" To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
" And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

LXXVIII.

" And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
" Have they conſider'd well and underſtood
" The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear
" Which the great Lord of Nature hath beſtow'd
" As well to prove as to reward the good?
" Whence are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy ſeas
" Of vice, in which as in his proper flood
" The fell Leviathan licentious plays, [preys?
" And upon ſhipwreck'd Faith and ſinking Virtue

LXXIX.

" To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
" With friendly voice I call and honeſt zeal;
" Upon your vital influences wait
" The health and ſickneſs of the commonweal:
" The maladies you cauſe yourſelves muſt heal.

" In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
" Will Truth and Reaſon make their juſt appeal,
" In vain will ſacred Wiſdom cry aloud,
" And Juſtice drench in vain her vengeful ſword in
[blood.

LXXX.

" With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
" You are the head the intellectual mind
" Of this vaſt body politick, whoſe baſe
" And vulgar limbs to drudgery conſign'd
" All the rich ſtores of Science have reſign'd
" To you, that by the craftſman's various toil,
" The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
" In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
" You for yourſelves and them may dreſs the mental
[ſoil.

LXXXI.

" Bethink you then, my Children! of the truſt
" In you repos'd; ne let your heav'n-born mind
" Conſume in pleaſure or unactive ruſt,
" But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
" The godlike taſk, to teach and mend mankind!
" Learn that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
" Yourſelves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
" And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
" Example is a leſſon that all men can read.

LXXXII.

" But if (to all or moſt I do not ſpeak)
" In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old
" The ſtrong Circæan charm you cannot break,

" Nor reaſſume at will your native mould *,
" Yet envy not the ſtate you could not hold,
" And take compaſſion on the riſing age,
" In them redeem your errours manifold,
" And by due diſcipline and nurture ſage
" In virtue's lore betimes your docile ſons engage.

LXXXIII.

" You chiefly who like me in ſecret mourn
" The prevalence of Cuſtom lewd and vain,
" And you who tho' by the rude torrent borne
" Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
" To his beheſts, and act what you diſdain,
" Yet nouriſh in your hearts the gen'rous love
" Of piety and truth, no more reſtrain
" The manly zeal, but all your ſinews move
" The preſent to reclaim, the future race improve.

LXXXIV.

" Eftſoons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
" Yon' haughty giant, who ſo proudly ſways
" A ſceptre by repute alone upheld,
" Who where he cannot dictate ſtrait obeys:
" Accuſtom'd to conform his flatt'ring phraſe
" To numbers and high-plac'd authority
" Your party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
" And drawing after all his menial fry
" Soon teach the gen'ral voice your act to ratify.

* Mould, ſhape, form.

LXXXV.

" Ne for th' achievement of this great emprize
" The want of means or counſel may ye dread;
" From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs ſhall riſe
" A race of letter'd ſages, deeply read
" In learning's various writ, by whom yled
" Thro'each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
" Where antick Wiſdom whilom wont to tread,
" With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
" And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of know-
" ledge prove.

LXXXVI.

" Yourſelves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
" Of what in ancient days of good or great
" Hiſtorians, bards, philoſophers, have taught,
" Join'd with whatever elſe of modern date
" Maturer judgment, ſearch more accurate,
" Diſcover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
" May by new laws reform the time-worn ſtate
" Of cell-bred diſcipline, and ſmoothe the road
" That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wiſdom's bright
[abode.

LXXXVII.

" By you invited to her ſecret bow'rs
" Then ſhall Pædia reaſcend her throne,
" With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flow'rs;
" While from their forked mount deſcending down
" Yon' ſupercilious pedant train ſhall own

" Her empire paramount, erelong by her
" Ytaught a leſſon in their ſchools unknown,
" To learning's richeſt treaſure to prefer
" The knowledge of the world and man's great buſ-
" neſs there."

LXXXVIII.

" On this prime ſcience, as the final end
" Of all her diſcipline and nurt'ring care,
" Her eye Pædia fixing, aye ſhall bend
" Her ev'ry thought and effort to prepare
" Her tender pupils for the various war
" Which Vice and Folly ſhall upon them wage
" As on the perilous march of life they fare,
" With prudent lore fore-arming ev'ry age
" 'Gainſt Pleaſure's treach'rous joys and Pain's em-
" battled rage.

LXXXIX.

" Then ſhall my youthful ſons, to wiſdom led
" By fair example and ingenuous praiſe,
" With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
" Thro' the world's intricate or rugged ways
" Conducted by Religion's ſacred rays,
" Whoſe ſoul-invigorating influence
" Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
" Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs and brutal ſenſe,
" And ſwell th' ennobled heart with bleſt benevolence.

XC.

" Then alſo ſhall this emblematick pile,
" By magick whilom fram'd to ſympathiſe
" With all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
" Still as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe
" Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding ſkies
" Its radiant Croſs uplift; the while to grace
" The multiplying niches freſh ſupplies
" Of worthies ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
" Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race."

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame
She roſe majeſtick from her lowly ſtead,
While from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame
Outbeaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
That monumental pile, and as her head
To ev'ry front ſhe turn'd diſcover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead,
Who for their various merit, erſt renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory ſhrines of honour found.

XCII.

On theſe that royal dame her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt; and ever as ſhe ſpy'd
Forth from the ground the length'ning ſtructure riſe,
With newplac'd ſtatues deck'd on ev'ry ſide,
Her parent breaſt would ſwell with gen'rous pride.

And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain
The knight a while conſtraining to abide,
She to the Fairy youth with pleaſure fain
Thoſe ſculptur'd chiefs did ſhew, and their great lives
explain.

THE INSTITUTION

OF THE

ORDER OF THE GARTER†.

A DRAMATICK POEM.

" Lectos ex omnibus Oris
" Evehis; et meritum, non quæ cunabula quæris,
" Et qualis, none unde fatus: sub teste benigno
" Vivitur; egregios invitant præmia mores. CLAUD.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Dramatis Personæ.

Edward III. King of England, &c.	*Spirits.*	Genius of England.
Philippa, Queen of England, &c.		Bards.
Edward, Prince of Wales.		Druids.
John, King of France, &c.	Heralds, Attendants, &c.	

SCENE, *Windsor Park, with a Prospect of the Castle.*

Flourish of aerial Musick at a distance, after which the following Verses are sung in the air by Spirits, while the Genius of England descends.

FIRST SPIRIT.

HITHER, all ye heav'nly Pow'rs!
From your empyreal bow'rs,

† The Order of the Garter was instituted on St. George's day the 23d of April 1350. King John came into England in 1357. I have taken the advantage of the licence usually allowed to poets of departing a little from chronology, and have postponed for a few years the Institution of this Order for the sake of rendering that solemnity more august by introdu-

From the fields for ever gay,
From the ſtarpav'd Milky Way,
From the moon's relucent horn,
From the ſtar that wakes the morn,
From the bow whoſe mingling dyes
Sweetly cheer the frowning ſkies,
From the ſilver cloud that falls
Shadowy o'er the darken'd vales,
From th' Elyſiums of the ſky,
Spirits immortal! hither fly.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Fly, and thro' the limpid air
Guard in pomp the ſliding car
Which to his terreſtrial throne
Wafts Britannia's Genius down.

2 SPIRIT. Hither, all ye heav'nly Pow'rs!
From your empyreal bow'rs,
Chiefly ye whoſe brows divine
Crown'd with ſtarry circlets ſhine,

cing King John of France, who though a priſoner was treated both by Edward and his ſon the Prince of Wales with all the regard due to the quality and virtue of ſo great a prince. To alleviate his captivity Edward entertained him and the other French priſoners with diverſions of various kinds, among which a tournament he held at Windſor on the 23d of April, to ſolemnize the feaſt of St. George, the patron of The Order of the Garter, held the chief place, and was, as Rapin tell us, the moſt ſumptuous and magnificent that had ever been ſeen in England. The Duke of Brabant, with ſeveral other ſovereign princes, and an infinite number of knights of all nations, were preſent, and ſplendidly entertained.

Who in various labours try'd,
Once Britannia's ſtrength and pride,
Now in everlaſting reſt
Share the glories of the bleſt!
Peers and Nobles of the ſky!
Spirits immortal! hither fly.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Fly, and thro' the limpid air
Guard in pomp the ſliding car
Which to his terreſtrial throne
Waſts Britannia's Genius down.

3 SPIRIT. Hither too, ye Tuneful throng!
Maſters of enchanting ſong,
Sacred Bards! whoſe rapt'rous ſtrains
Sooth the toiling hero's pains,
Sooth the patriot's gen'rous cares,
Sweetly thro' their raviſh'd ears
Whiſp'ring to th' immortal mind
Heav'nly viſions, hopes refin'd,
Hopes of endleſs peace and fame,
Safe from Envy's blaſting flame,
Pure, ſincere, in thoſe abodes
Where to throngs of liſt'ning gods
Hymning bards to virtue's praiſe
Tune their never-dying lays;
Sweet encomiaſts of the ſky,
Spirits immortal! hither fly.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Fly, and charm the limpid air
While the ſoftly-ſliding car
To his ſea-encircled throne
Wafts Britannia's Genius down.

Chorus of Bards deſcends, dreſſed in long flowing ſky-coloured robes ſpangled with ſtars, with garlands of oaken boughs upon their heads, and golden harps in their hands, made like the Welch or old Britiſh harp. Before they appear they ſing the chorus, and afterwards as they deſcend the following ſongs, at the laſt ſtanza of which the chariot of the Genius appears, and deſcends gradually all the while that and the grand chorus is ſinging.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

Gentle Spirit! we obey;
Thus along th' ethereal way
We attend our monarch's car,
Thus we charm the ſilent air.

SONG.

I.

1 BARD. Ye ſouthern Gales! that ever fly
In frolick April's vernal train,
Who as ye ſkim along the ſky
Dip your light pinions in the main,
Then ſhake them fraught with genial ſhow'rs
O'er blooming Flora's primroſe bow'rs,

II.

Now ceaſe a while your wanton ſport,
Now drive each threat'ning cloud away,
Then to the flow'ry vale reſort,
And hither all its ſweets convey,
And ever as ye dance along
With ſofteſt murmurs aid our ſong.

SONG.

2 BARD. But lo! fair Windſor's tow'rs appear,
And hills with ſpreading oaks embrown'd!
Hark! hark! the voice of joy I hear
Sung by a thouſand echoes round;
And now I view a glitt'ring train
In triumph march o'er yonder plain.

GRAND CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND BARDS.

Hail, mighty Nation! ever fam'd in war!
Lo! Heav'n deſcends thy feſtivals to ſhare,
To view thoſe heroes whoſe immortal praiſe
Celeſtial bards ſhall ſing in living lays.

At the concluſion of this chorus the Genius alights from his chariot, the front of which reſembling the head of a man of war, is adorned with a carved lion, holding before his breaſt the arms of England as they were borne by Edward. Behind on a raiſed ſeat ſits the Genius, leaning upon an anchor of ſilver, and bearing in his right hand the vindicta or wand of enfranchiſement, and in his left a roll of parchment, upon which is written in large let-

ters of gold MAGNA CHARTA. *On his head is a corona roſtrata, or naval crown; and his robe, of a ſeagreen colour, is embroidered with cornucopias and golden tridents.*

GENIUS. Diſdain not, ye bleſt Denizens of air!
To breathe this groſſer atmoſphere a while;
Your ſervice I ſhall need; mean-time reſort
To yon' imperial palace, and in air
Draw up your ſquadrons in a radiant orb,
Suſpended o'er thoſe lofty battlements
Like the bright halo that inveſts the moon
Or Saturn's lucid ring; thence ſhed benign
Your choiceſt influence on the noble train
There on this ſolemn day aſſembled round
The throne of Britiſh Edward: I a while
Muſt here await th' approach of other ſpirits,
Sage Druids! Britain's old philoſophers,
Fetch'd by my ſummons from the weſtern iſles
That ſcatter'd o'er the rough Hibernian flood
Seem like huge fragments by the wild wave torn
From ſtormy Scotland and the Cambrian ſhore.
There from the world retir'd in ſacred ſhades,
Chiefly where Breint and Meinai waſh'd the oaks
Of ancient Mona, their academies
And ſchools of ſage and moral diſcipline
They held, and to the neighb'ring Britons round
From their rever'd tribunals, holy mounts,
Diſpens'd at once their oracles and laws,

Till fierce Paulinus and his Roman bands,
Them and their gods defying, drove them thence
To ſeek for ſhelter in Hibernian ſhades.
Yet ſtill enamour'd of their ancient haunts
Unſeen of mortal eyes they hover round
Their ruin'd altars, conſecrated hills,
Once girt with ſpreading oaks, myſterious rows
Of rude enormous obeliſks, that riſe
Orb within orb, ſtupendous monuments
Of artleſs architecture! ſuch as now
Oft'times amaze the wand'ring traveller
By the pale moon diſcern'd on Sarum's plain:
But hence, aerial Spirits! lo! they come.

Here the Spirits and Bards, together with the Chariot of the Genius, reaſcend, and at the ſame time the Druids enter clothed in dark coloured coarſe ſtuff gowns, which before hang no lower than the knee, but behind almoſt touch the ground. The ſleeves of theſe gowns reach down below the elbow, and from behind comes up a ſort of hood or cowl which hangs looſe about the head and forehead. From the left ſhoulder hangs in a ſtring a kind of pouch or ſcrip, and reſts on the right hip. In their right hands they hold a ſtaff, and in their left an oaken branch. Their beards are very large and long, reaching below their waiſts. Their legs are naked, and their feet ſhod with ſandals, which are faſtened by thongs wound about the foot and the ſmall of the leg †.

† See a cut of the chief Druid in Rowland's Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, taken from a ſtatue, p. 65.

ENTER DRUIDS.

CHIEF DRUID. Inform us happy Spirit, protecting
Of this our ancient country! wherefore now [Pow'r
From our ſequeſter'd vallies, penſive groves,
And dark receſſes, thou haſt ſummon'd us
To wait thy orders on this flow'ry hill?

GENIUS. A great event, ſage Druids! that no leſs
Imports than this your ancient country's fame,
From contemplation and your ſilent ſhades
Calls you to meet me on this flow'ry hill.

Know in yon' Caſtle, whoſe proud battlements
Sit like a regal crown upon the brow
Of this high-climbing lawn, doth Edward hold
This day his ſolemn ſeſſion, to receive
The pleas of all th' aſpiring candidates,
Who ſummon'd by the heralds' publick voice †
To Windſor as to Fame's bright temple haſte
From ev'ry ſhore; the noble, wiſe, and brave,
Knights, ſenators, and ſtateſmen, lords and kings,
Ambitious each to gain the ſplendid prize
By Edward promis'd to tranſcendent worth;

† Edward having communicated his intention of inſtituting the Order of the Garter to the great council of his realm, and having received their approbation, diſpatched his heralds to ſeveral parts of Europe to invite all that were eminent for military virtue, &c. to be preſent at its Inſtitution. And his queen Philippa, on her part, aſſembled a train of 300 of the faireſt ladies to grace the ſolemnity and add to its magnificence.

For who of mortals is too great and high
In the career of virtue to contend?
Of these selecting the most glorious names
Doth England's monarch purpose to compose
A princely brotherhood, himself the chief,
And worthy sov'reign of th' illustrious band,
A band of heroes! listed in the cause
Of honour, virtue, and celestial truth,
Under the name and holy patronage
Of Cappadocian George, Britannia's saint.
Such is the plan by gen'rous Edward form'd,
A plan of glory, that beyond the reach
Of his own conq'ring arms shall propagate
The sov'reignty of Britain, and erect
Her monarchs into judges of mankind!
But from this day's decisions, from the choice
Of his first colleagues, shall succeeding times
Of Edward judge, and on his fame pronounce:
For dignities and titles when misplac'd
Upon the vicious, the corrupt and vile,
Like princely virgins to low peasants match'd,
Descend from their nobility, and soil'd
By base alliance not their pride alone
And native splendour lose, but shame retort
Ev'n on the sacred throne from whence they sprung:
So may the lustre of this Order bright,
This eldest child of Chivalry, be stain'd,
If at her first espousals her great sire,

Caught by the ſpecious outſides that deceive
And captivate the world, admit the ſuit
Of vain pretenders void of real worth,
Light empty bubbles by the wanton gale
Of fortune ſwell'd, and only form'd to dance
And glitter in the ſunſhine of a court!
Begin we then with Edward. Firſt let him
At his own high tribunal undergo
The rigid inquiſition.—I for this
Have left my lucid ſtar-encircled throne,
For this, immortal Sages! have requir'd
Your wiſe and prudent miniſtry, wellſkill'd
In various ſcience and the human heart:
Search Edward's to the bottom, ſound the depths
And ſhallows of his ſoul, if he poſſeſs
That firſt of regal talents, to diſcern
With quick-ey'd penetration thro' the veil
Of art each character's intrinſick worth,
And all the lab'rinths of the human mind.
Nor bluſh for this good end yourſelves to wear
Fallacious forms to plead the cauſe of falſe
But ſpecious merit: at his throne appear
In borrow'd ſhapes, and there with artful guile
When the ſhrill trumpet cites the candidates
Urge your pretenſions: all the pow'r employ
Of wit and eloquence: Edward I truſt
The trial ſhall abide, which ſhall but tend
To manifeſt that not from arrogance

But conſcious virtue hath he thus aſſum'd,
Above all other kings, to be the judge
And great rewarder of heroick deeds.
Nor wholly unaſſiſted will I leave
My royal charge, but with bleſt influence clear
His intellectual eye from the dim miſts
It haply hath contracted from a long
Unebbing current of felicity,
Unhop'd unequall'd triumphs, from the view
Of captive monarchs, and the glitt'ring throng
Who at his ſummons from all climates come
To take as from their ſov'reign honours new.
When Heav'n tries mortals in unuſual ways
'Tis fit it ſhould afford unuſual aid.
Now, Sages! to yon' ſpreading oaks retire,
There wait my ſummons; and mean-time adviſe
How beſt to execute the taſk enjoin'd.

[*Ex. Gen. and Druids.*

The Scene changes to a large room in the Caſtle, (St. George's Hall) at the upper end of which is a royal canopy with the figure of St. George and the motto of the Garter, Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe, *beneath it embroidered in gold. Under this canopy appears, ſeated on an elevation of two or three ſteps, King Edward in the habit of the Order of the Garter, with a ſceptre in his right hand and a globe in his left. On his left hand is ſeated Queen Philippa, with a crown upon her head, and dreſſed in a royal mantle of*

Crimson velvet powdered with embroidered Garters, and an enamelled Garter † bound like a bracelet upon her left arm. By her stand a great number of ladies very richly dressed. On Edward's right hand is seated King John in the imperial robes of France; and on the same side, but a step lower, sits Edward the Black Prince in the robes belonging to the Prince of Wales. Next to Queen Philippa are seated the rest of Edward's children; and next to the Black Prince, on the other side, stand the French prisoners, and a great number of lords, &c. richly dressed. On the floor at some distance stands Garter King at Arms in the habit of his office, holding in his hand a Garter, with the grand collar of the Order. Near him stand other heralds, ushers, attendants, &c.

Flourish of trumpets, kettledrums, &c. after which Edward rising up from his throne addresses himself to the assembly.

EDW. That hither from your distant residence
By solemn invitation, noble Guests!
I have entreated your illustrious train,
Misconstrue not to levity and pride,
Or ostentatious vain magnificence,
Unworthy the grave majesty of kings,
Unworthy your attention, my renown.

† That the ladies of the Knights of the Garter wore this ensign of the Order upon their left arms may be seen in Ashmole's History of the Garter.

This bright assemblage of the wise, the brave,
The noble, the magnificent, the fair,
The ornaments of Europe, have I sought
To grace the pomp of Virtue, to adorn
With noblest off'rings her unspotted shrine,
Attracting thus to her divine commands
The awful veneration of mankind.
This was the cause, great Princes! this the call,
The voice of Virtue, not of England's king,
That with respectful zeal ye heard and follow'd
From Burgandy's rich vineyards, from the meads
Of Hainault and Brabant, the rocky wave
Of Danube, from Germania's warlike tow'rs,
Imperial mother of an hundred states!
From Spain, long exercis'd by Moorish arms,
From Italy's fair princedoms, and the walls,
Of sea-wash'd Venice, Adria's haughty spouse.
With me then all ye Virtuous! by what style
Recorded in the registers of Fame,
Knights, senators, or soldiers, ermin'd lords,
Or sceptred princes, from whatever clime
Ye come ennobled by heroick acts,
With me unite the splendour of your names
To dignify th' erection of a new
And noble Order which to Heav'n's high praise,
And to Heav'n's champion, Cappadocian George,
On this his holy festival I mean
To found, a recompense for worthiest deeds.

Thus as the orient ſun, ador'd of old
By proſtrate Perſia, ow'd his deity
Leſs to that genial and benignant heat
That cheriſhes and warms the ſeeds of life
Than to thoſe gorgeous beams that deck with gold
And crimſon the gay portals of the Morn,
So ſhall this riſing Order owe its fame
And brighteſt luſtre to the ſplendid train
Of lords and purpled princes who are met
This day to uſher and adorn its birth.
Nor deem that to allure heroick minds,
My private int'reſts partially to ſerve,
To liſt the valiant in Ambition's cauſe,
And form a league of conqueſt, I have laid
In ſubtle policy this great deſign:
Aſham'd be he who with malignant eye
So reads my purpoſe! * and be he accurs'd

* Edward being engaged in a war with France for the obtaining that crown, in order to draw into England great multitudes of foreigners, with whom he might negotiate either for their perſonal ſervice or aids of troops to aſſiſt him in that undertaking, ordered, during the truce that then ſubſiſted between the two crowns, publication to be made of a great tournament to be held at Windſor, an expedient, ſays Rapin, which could not fail of ſucceſs, becauſe it was entirely agreeable to the taſte of that age. Accordingly many perſons of diſtinction came over, to all of whom he gave an honourable reception, careſſing them in ſuch a manner that they could never ſufficiently admire his politneſs, magnificence, and liberality. To render theſe entertainments the more ſolemn, and to free himſelf alſo from the ceremonies to which the di-

Whoe'er in aftertimes ſhall ſo pervert
This ſacred Inſtitution! To the world
I here conſign it, to the good and great
Of ev'ry age and clime, and them alone.

ference of rank and condition would have ſubjected him, he cauſed a circular hall of boards to be run up at Windſor 200 feet in diameter. There it was that he ſeaſted all the Knights at one table, which was called The Round Table, in memory of the great Arthur, who as it is pretended inſtituted an order of knighthood by that name. Next year he cauſed a more ſolid building to be erected that he might continue yearly the ſame diverſions. During that time he treated with theſe ſeveral lords about the aids wherewith each could furniſh him in proportion to his forces. His rival King Philip could not ſee without jealouſy Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Flemings, and Frenchmen themſelves, flock to England to aſſiſt at theſe tournaments. He ſuſpected ſome hidden deſign in theſe entertainments, and to break Edward's meaſures cauſed the like to be publiſhed in his dominions, which meeting with ſucceſs proved a countermine to Edward's main deſign, ſo that he did not long continue to keep up his Round Table. From thence however it is generally agreed he took the firſt hint of inſtituting the Order of the Garter, But as his purpoſe in erecting this Order was very different from that which had induced him to revive Arthur's Round Table, as he had in this no private views, no ambitious ſcheme of engaging ſuch as ſhould be admitted into this fraternity to aſſiſt him in his wars, he thought proper, in order to obviate the like jealouſies and ſuſpicions as had alarmed King Philip, to ſignify by his motto the purity of his intentions, and to retort ſhame upon all thoſe who ſhould put any malignant conſtruction upon his deſign in inſtituting this Order. This therefore I take to be the true meaning and import of the famous motto *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe*; the not underſtanding the purport of which gave riſe in all probability to that vulgar ſtory of the Counteſs of Salisbury's garter, rejected by all the beſt writers.

Now ſound the trumpet, bid the candidates
With confidence appear and urge their claims.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. which is anſwered by another trumpet from without; then enter a Grandee of Spain magnificently attired in the Spaniſh habit, holding in his hand the pedigree of his family, and preceded by heralds, &c. bearing achievements, banners, coats of armour, helmets, gauntlets, ſpurs, &c.

SPAN. Illuſtrious Monarch! Emp'rour of the Iſles!
My name is Guzman—from thoſe heroes ſprung
Who with Pelagio 'mid th' Aſturian rocks
Againſt th' invaſion of unnumber'd Moors
Maintain'd the fame and empire of the Goths,
And founded at Oviedo once again
The Spaniſh monarchy and Catholick faith,
Tranſporting from the mountain's dreary womb
To glitt'ring temples her moſt holy altars:
Thence on the bord'ring Moor their valiant ſons
Waging inceſſant war, ere long regain'd
Their ancient realms of Leon, Arragon,
And rich Caſtilia: in which great exploits
My brave progenitors, by valour, zeal,
And loyalty diſtinguiſh'd, from their kings
Gain'd thoſe high honours, princely ſignories,
And proud prerogatives, which have extoll'd
The name of Guzman to ſuch envy'd grandeur
That ſcarce above it tow'rs the regal throne.

These honours undiminish'd, undefil'd,
To me deliver'd down, might well content
A vulgar mind; but spirits highly born
Are full of gen'rous and aspiring thoughts,
And use the vantage ground of rank and pow'r
But to ascend still higher. Thus I come
Thy Garter to solicit, pleas'd, great Prince!
With thee to be enroll'd thy brother knight,
And fearing no repulse. Nobility
As nearest in her orbit first receives
The beams of majesty, alone can bear
The fulness of that glory which o'erpow'rs
Inferiour natures. Virtue's self would blush
Did she at once approach too near the throne;
But the young eagle, borne amid the blaze
Of glancing lightnings, with undazzled eye
Soars to the courts of heav'n, and perches bold
On the bright sceptre of imperial Jove.

The greatest king is he who is the king
Of greatest subjects. Seek'st thou to advance
The glory of thy Order? to thyself
Associate those whose high exalted names
For ages past from Envy's self have forc'd
Habitual veneration, never paid
To new and upstart merit. Such am I,
Whose pure and gen'rous blood descending down
From nobler fountains, in its course enrich'd

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Habitual veneration, never paid
To new and upstart merit. Such am I,
Whose pure and gen'rous blood descending down
From nobler fountains, in its course enrich'd

By glorious mixtures with each royal ſtream
That fair Iberia boaſts, might ev'n pretend
To thy alliance Edward. View this ſcroll,
The faithful blazon, of my ancient line,
A line of potentates! whoſe ev'ry ſon
Deſerv'd to wear the Garter I demand.
In me their repreſentative, the heir
Of all their honours, ſon of their renown,
Do thou reward their virtues; in their names
I claim, and on hereditary right,
The right of monarchs, Edward, reſt my plea.

Edw. The high deſert of thy renown'd forefathers
Well haſt thou ſhewn; but haſt thou therefore prov'd
Thyſelf deſerving to be call'd their ſon?
To thee their proſp'rous virtues have indeed
Tranſmitted lineal rank and titles proud,
By them more hardly gain'd, for which thou ſtand'ſt
To cuſtom and th' indulgence of thy country
Indebted, Guzman, in a large account,
Which thou muſt firſt diſcharge by noble deeds
Ere thou canſt ſtyle thoſe dignities thine own:
This if thou haſt not paid why doſt thou ſeek
Like thriftleſs prodigals to ſwell the debt,
And overwhelm thyſelf with obligations?
Virtue is honour, and the nobleſt titles
Are but the publick ſtamps ſet on the ore
To aſcertain its value to mankind.
It were a kind of treaſon to my crown

To mark base metal with the royal impress,
And put off lazy Pride in Virtue's name.
Wouldst thou attain my Garter? seek it there
Where thy heroick ancestors acquir'd
Their glorious honours, in th' embattled field
Among the squadrons of the warlike Moors,
Or in the council of thy king, by truth
And wisdom equal to th' important trust.
Be what thy fathers were, and then return
To ask the pledge of merit from my hand,
And be the fit companion of a king. [*Exit Spaniard.*

Flourish of trumpets, &c. which as before is answered by another trumpet from without; then enter an Usurer and Senator of Genoa (at that time the bank of Europe) dressed in his senatorial gown of black velvet, profusely but awkwardly adorned with jewels, pearls, and diamond necklaces, pendents, bracelets, rings, such as he may be supposed to have received as pawns, and to wear rather as marks of his great riches than as ornaments of his dress. He is attended by a large train of people of every profession, appearing to be his debtors by their abject and timid countenances, at the head of whom, and next to the Usurer, marches a Scrivener, bearing a large bundle of bonds, mortgages, &c.

GENOESE. From Genoa the opulent, the bank
And treasury of the world, most puissant King!
Invited by thy heralds, am I come

To claim the honour by thy promiſe due,
Due by thy juſtice, to ſuperiour worth,
Due then to me great Edward! who poſſeſs
That object of the toils, the cares, the vows,
Of all mankind, that comprehenſive good,
Source of all pow'r and grandeur, boundleſs wealth.
Behold yon' glitt'ring train whoſe ſumptuous pride,
Bright with the treaſure of each precious mine,
Inveſts with glory thy imperial throne:
Whence is their dignity? The ray auguſt
That awes and dazzles the reſpectful crowd,
Proceeds it from nobility, from virtue,
Their wiſdom, or their valour, or their fame?
Comes it not rather from the beaming ore,
The diamond's ſtarlike radiance? Wealth, O King!
Wealth is the ſun that decks the gorgeous ſcene,
That cheriſhes, adorns, and calls to view
Theſe princely flow'rs of honour, virtue, fame,
Which in the ſhades of poverty were loſt.
Whatever men deſire or venerate
On wealth attends; ev'n empire's ſelf is bought;
Nor could the mighty Julius have attain'd
By wiſdom or by valour ſov'reign pow'r
Had not the gold of vanquiſh'd Gaul ſubdu'd
The liberties of Rome. On wretched want
Contempt and narrow-ſoul'd dependence wait.
Ev'n kings of neceſſary wealth depriv'd
In pow'rleſs indigence loſe all reſpect,

All homage, from their ſubjects; while the rich,
Like gods ador'd, o'er ev'ry neck extend
Their potent ſceptres, and in golden chains
Fierce Faction and rebellious Freedom bind.
The glory, ſtrength, importance, of a realm
Is meaſur'd by its riches: Venice thus,
Thus Genoa's petty ſtate, outbalances
In Europe's ſcale the boundleſs wilds that clothe
With tributary furs the Ruſſian Czar.
With like preeminence exalted ſhines
In ev'ry land above the proudeſt names
The bleſs'd poſſeſſor of all-worſhipp'd gold.
My birth or rank I boaſt not here, tho' born
A ſenator of Genoa. The deſert
On which I found my claim is all my own,
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the ſtate
Of my declining houſe with greater wealth
Than e'er my thriftleſs anceſtors poſſeſs'd,
Whoſe richeſt acquiſitions were but ſprigs
Of barren laurel, or the flaunting rags
Of ſome torn enſign, to their needy ſon
A worthleſs heritage. Yet not to ſwell
My narrow fortunes would my ſoul deſcend
To the baſe methods of ignoble trade
And vulgar mercantile purſuit of gain:
Mine were the noble arts of raiſing gold
From gold, of nurſing and improving wealth
By gainful uſe, arts practis'd heretofore

By ſenators and ſages of old Rome,
Illuſtrious Craſſus and wiſe Seneca.
Thus have I grac'd the ſplendour of my name
With ſuitable poſſeſſions, thus I hold
In firm ſubjection to my will the poor
Of ev'ry rank and order, ſoldier, prieſt,
The vent'rous merchant and the ſumptuous lord,
Who in a lower vaſſalage to me
Than to thy ſceptre, Edward, bow their heads,
Pledging their lands and liberties for gold.
Hence am I bold to ſtand before thy throne
A candidate for glory's higheſt prize;
And let me add that policy alone
Should teach thy prudence to approve my claim,
Should teach thee in thy ſubjects to excite,
By honours on ſuperiour wealth beſtow'd,
An uſeful emulation to be rich,
Which once inſpir'd thy Albion ſhall become
The firſt of nations, thou the firſt of kings.

EDWARD. Hadſt thou by op'ning to thy native land
The golden veins of commerce, by employing
The uſeful hands of induſtry in works
Of national advantage, by uniting
Remoteſt regions in the friendly bands,
And honeſt intercourſe of mutual trade;
Hadſt thou by theſe humane and gen'rous arts,
Which thy miſtaken pride ſo much diſdains,
Enrich'd at once thy country and thyſelf,

Then not unworthy hadſt thou been to wear
The brighteſt marks of honour; but thy wealth,
The baſeborn child of ſordid Uſury,
That foe to commerce, nurſe of idleneſs,
Stains and degrades thee from thy noble birth,
Nor in the Uſurer can diſcern
The Senator of Genoa.——To enlarge
The mind with gen'rous ſentiments, to raiſe
Its aims by virtuous emulation, here
I ſit, but not to gild with honour's beams
That ſelfiſh paſſion which congeals the heart
And ſtops the ſtreams of ſweet benevolence,
Mean avarice! the vice of narroweſt ſouls,
Incapable of glory.——Wealth thou ſay'ſt
Can buy ev'n empire, and to Julius gave
Dominion o'er his country.——Fatal gift,
And ruinous to both! But what to Rome,
What to that Cæſar's ſucceſſors, avail'd
The boundleſs treaſures of the ravag'd world
When they had loſt their virtue? Did not ſoon
The valiant ſons of Poverty, the Goths,
The Huns and Vandals, from their barren hills
And rugged woods deſcending, to their ſteel
Subject the Roman gold? Yet I deny not
The pow'r and uſe of riches: to the wiſe
And good in publick or in private life
They are the means of virtue, and beſt ſerve
The nobleſt purpoſes; but in the uſe

Not in the bare poſſeſſion lies the merit.
Shew me thy merit then, thy bounteous acts,
Publick munificence, or private alms,
The hungry, and the naked, and the ſick,
Suſtain'd and cherish'd by thy ſaving hand;
Plead this and I allow thy worthy claim,
For this is virtue, and deſerves reward. [*Ex. Gen.*

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. which is anſwered by a ſymphony of flutes, violins, &c. playing a light amorous air; then appears a Neapolitan Courtier, a favourite of Queen Joan, who then reigned at Naples, and whoſe court was the moſt debauched and diſſolute of that age. He comes in with a gay and affected geſture, and is dreſſed in looſe ſilken robes, rich, but finical and effeminate; on his hair, which is curled and ſpread all over his ſhoulders down to the middle of his back, he wears a chaplet of roſes, and is attended by a train of beautiful boys habited like Cupids, and muſicians, who as he marches towards the throne continue playing their ſoft and wanton airs.

NEAPOL. Not on my wealth nor on my noble blood
Shall I preſume to claim thy royal gift,
Auſpicious Prince! but on the ſkill to give
That ſplendour to nobility and wealth,
That elegance of taſte, from which alone
Their value they derive: of this to judge,
This to direct, I boaſt, fit arbiter

Of all refin'd delights.—But chief to kings
My happy talents I devote; on them
My Genius waits with duteous care, and wafts
The golden cup of pleasure to their lips,
Like Ganymede before the throne of Jove.
And who indeed would wish to be a god
Only to thunder, and to hear the pray'rs
Of clam'rous suitors? 'Tis the nectar'd feast,
The dance of Graces, and the wanton charms
Of Venus sporting with the Smiles and Loves,
That make the court of heav'n a blest abode.
Far happier were the meanest peasant's lot
Who sleeps or sings in careless ease beneath
The sunburnt haycock or the flow'ry thorn
Than to be plac'd on high in anxious pride,
The purple drudge and slave of tiresome state,
If to superiour pow'r superiour means
Of joy were not annex'd, and larger scope
For ev'ry wish the lavish heart can form,
If the soft hand of Pleasure did not wreath
Around the royal diadem, whose weight
Oppressive loads the monarch's aking brow,
Her fairest growth of ever-blooming flow'rs.
On thee, victorious Prince! propitious Fortune
Hath pour'd her richest gifts, renown and wealth,
And greatness equal to thy mighty mind:
One only bliss is wanting to thy court,
Voluptuous Elegance, the lovely child

Of Eaſe and Opulence, that never comes
But, like a bird of ſummer, to attend
The brighteſt ſunſhine of a glorious ſtate.
To her and her alone belongs the taſk
By learned delicay to remove
What yet remains in this thy ancient realm
Of Gothick barbariſm, the ruſt of war
And valiant ignorance.—Her artful hand
Thy rugged Britons ſhall refine, and teach
More courtly manners, to their foy'reign's will
Politely pliant. Do but thou command
Thy willing ſervant, with thy favours grac'd,
From fair Joanna's ever-ſmiling court,
Under whoſe happy influence I was train'd,
From poliſh'd Naples, her delightful ſeat,
The blooming goddeſs to tranſport with all
Her train of joys, and fix them here beneath
Thy great protection.—But perhaps thou fear'ſt
The voice of Cenſure and the grave reproof
Of moralizing Dulneſs: idle fear!
The vulgar herd indeed religious craft
And policy of ſtate have well confin'd
With wiſe ſeverity to rigid laws,
Elſe would that headſtrong beaſt the multitude
Forget obedience, and its rider's voice
Diſdain: but ſhall the rider put a curb
In his own mouth? the laws that kings have made,
Shall they reſtrain the makers? Edward, no!

For thee indulgent Juſtice ſhall relax
Her harſh decrees, and Piety ſhall wait
To give her rev'rend ſanction to thy will.
'Tis thine to rove at large thro' Nature's field,
Crop ev'ry flow'r and taſte of ev'ry fruit,
By ſweet variety provoking ſtill
The langnid appetite to new deſires.
Nor uſeleſs to thy pleaſures, happy Prince!
Shall be my faithful ſervice; nicer joys,
Joys of a quicker more exalted taſte
Than ever ripen'd in this northern clime,
The growth of ſofter regions, ſhall my hand
By ſkilful culture in thy Britain raiſe.
To them whoſe groſs and dull capacities
Are fit to bear the burdens of the ſtate,
The lab'ring mules that thro' the mire of forms
Draw the ſlow car of government along,
Gladly the taſk of buſ'neſs I reſign:
Be mine the brighter province to direct
Thy pleaſures, Edward, miniſter ſupreme
Of all thy ſofter hours. To ſerve the king
Be theirs the glory; let me ſerve the man.
But ſhould thy ſterner genius, only pleas'd
With arms and royalty's important cares,
The duties of a king, my gentle arts
Too lightly prize, and thence reject my ſuit,
Permit at leaſt that to Philippa's ear,
Divine Philippa! thine and Beauty's queen,

And her attendant graces, I may plead
The cauſe of bliſs, a cauſe ſo much their own:
They will approve my claim to whom the cares
The labours of my life, my head, my heart,
Are all devoted.—Let me from their hands
Receive the Garter, and be call'd their knight.

PHILIPPA. Permit me, gracious Edward! to reply
To this irrev'rent flatt'rer, who preſumes
Before a matron and a queen to plead
The cauſe of Vice, and impudently hopes
To find in her a fautreſs of his ſuit.
But know, pernicious Sophiſter! my heart
Hath learn'd from Edward's love, and this high rank
Which I partake with him, a noble pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar eye
And ſaucy tongue of Riot and Debauch,
In whoſe unmanner'd light ſociety
Nor majeſty nor virtue can maintain
That dignity which is their proper guard.
Thy vile refinements and luxurious arts,
Miſcall'd politeneſs, I deteſt, and feel
In the ſoft duties of a virtuous love
Such pure ſerene delight as far tranſcends
What thou ſtyl'ſt pleaſure, the deliridus joy
Of an intoxicated feverish brain.
Behold my royal lord, the firſt and beſt
Of kings, the love and wonder of mankind!
Behold my children, worthy their great ſire,

The gen'ral theme of praiſe and benediction!
Theſe are my pleaſures; can thy ſkill beſtow
Superiour bliſs? Ah no! the vain attempt
Would only bring diſguſt, remorſe, and ſhame.
Edw. That I have lov'd, Philippa, and eſteem'd thee
More for thy virtues than thoſe famale charms
Which this vile flatterer deems ſingly worth
His panegyrick, be thy happineſs
And glory, as it is thy Edward's pride.
With the like ſpirit have I alſo woo'd
And wedded Sov'reign Pow'r, not weakly caught
With outward pomp, or ſeeking to myſelf
A privilege of riot uncontroll'd
In ſenſual pleaſures, and behind the throne
To laugh ſecurely at reſtraint and law:
No; I embrac'd her as the child of heav'n,
Dower'd with the ample means of doing good,
From whoſe eſpouſals I might hope to raiſe
An offspring worth th' ambition of a king,
Immortal glory, to a gen'rous mind
As far ſurpaſſing all the wanton toys
Which he calls pleaſure, as thy faithful love
(The ſweet o'erflowing of heartfelt delight)
Excels, Philippa, the laſcivious ſmile
Of common proſtitutes careſs'd and loath'd.
Hence from my ſight with thy deteſted arts,
Baſe miniſter of Luxury, the bane
Of ev'ry flouriſhing and happy ſtate:

Presume no more within my court to sing
Thy Siren song, nor soften into slaves
And cowards my brave subjects!—I disdain
That elegance which such as thou can teach.
Virtue alone is elegant, alone
Polite; Vice must be fordid and deform'd,
Tho' to adorn her ev'ry art contend:
And rather would I see my Britons roam
Untutor'd savages among the woods,
As once they did in naked innocence,
Than polish'd like the vile degen'rate race
Of modern Italy's corrupted sons. [*Exit Neap.*

Trumpet sounds, and is answered from without by another trumpet, which sounds a march, accompanied by kettle-drums and other warlike instruments: then enters, preceded by soldiers playing upon fifes, and others bearing tattered ensigns, standards and trophies, a Leader of mercenary bands, completely armed from head to foot, and carrying in his right hand a batoon or truncheon. On each side of him march his squires, one bearing his lance, the other his shield. Behind him as his attendants comes a train of officers and soldiers maimed, and their faces all seamed with scars.

SOLDIER. Nor riches nor nobility of birth,
Nor the soft arts of base effeminate ease,
Which justly thou rejectest, valiant Prince!
But thy own darling attribute, I boast,

Undaunted courage, try'd in many a field,
In ev'ry clime and under ev'ry banner
That for theſe forty ſummers have been wav'd
O'er Europe's plains by Iſther, Rhine, and Po,
Hungarian and Bohemian, Flemiſh, French,
Venetian, Spaniſh, Guelph and Gibbeline;
Whence in juſt confidence ſecure I come
This military honour to demand,
Due to my toils and ſervice, to my wounds,
My laurels, and that gen'rous love of glory
Which without any call, or publick cauſe,
Or private animoſity, alone
Rais'd my ſtrong arm and drew my dreadful ſword.
Wherever Mars his crimſon flag diſplay'd
That was my country; thither ſwift I bore
My ready valour and the dauntleſs band
Of various nations under my command,
Prepar'd to ſell their blood, their limbs, their lives.
Nor where the right nor where the juſteſt cauſe
Deign'd we to aſk—thoſe intricate debates
We left to lazy penmen in the ſhade
Of coward eaſe, while our impetuous fire
Still bore us forward, ardent to purſue
Thro' danger's roughеſt paths the ſteps to fame.
On ſuch a ſpirit ſhould thy favour ſmile.
But let me wonder, Edward, that ſo long
Thy ear the vain pretenſions could endure
Of men unknown to war, attendants meet

Of ſome luxurious Aſiatick court,
Or female diſtaff-reign, but ſuiting ill
The preſence of a monarch great in arms.
Hadſt thou to thoſe inglorious ſons of Peace
Thy martial Order giv'n, the warriour-ſaint
Had bluſh'd to ſee his image ſo profan'd,
Which on my manly breaſt, indented o'er
With many a noble ſcar, will fitly ſhine.
But wherefore ſtand I thus haranguing here,
Unſkilful as I am in ſmooth diſcourſe,
The coward's argument? On force alone
I reſt my title: let the glorious prize
Be hung on high amid the liſted field,
And let me there diſpute it; there my lance
Shall plead my cauſe far better than my tongue,
If any dare deny my rightful claim.

EDW. Not for the brave alone have I ordain'd
This Inſtitution, but for all deſert,
All publick virtue, wiſdom, all that ſerves,
Improves, defends, or dignifies, a ſtate;
Tho' firſt indeed to valour, as the guard
Of all the reſt, when in the publick cauſe
With juſtice and benevolence employ'd.
But thou, baſe Mercenary! canſt thou dare
The glorious name of Valour to uſurp,
Who know'ſt no publick cauſe, no ſenſe of right,
Nor pity, nor affection, nor remorſe?
Who under any chief, in any quarrel,

Canſt ſtain with gore thy proſtituted arms?
Call it not love of glory; that is built
On acts for the deliv'rance of mankind,
On gen'rous principles, and noble ſcorn
Of ſordid int'reſt: call it cruel pride,
And ſavageneſs of nature, that delights
To conquer, and oppreſs, afflict, inſult;
Or call it love of plunder, that can draw
Unauthoris'd, uninjur'd, unprovok'd,
The ſword of war, that bravo-like can liſt
For hire the venal hand to perpetrate
Aſſaſſinations, murders, maſſacres.
But thou haſt ſerv'd with courage: be it ſo—
Thou haſt thy pay, and with it thy reward:
Pretend no farther, nor compare thy deeds,
Diſhonour'd by the mean deſire of gain,
With his who for his country and his king
Reſigns his eaſe, his fortune, or his life.
Thoſe battles thou haſt fought, thoſe forty years
Of blood and horrour which thy vaunting tongue
So high hath ſounded, are indeed thy crimes,
Flagitious crimes! for which th' impartial bar
Of Reaſon would condemn thee as the foe
Of human nature, did not Cuſtom ſcreen
By her unjuſt eſteem thy guilty head:
But hope not honour or employment here:
Unſafe and wretched is that monarch's ſtate
Who weakly truſts to mercenary bands

The guard or of his perſon or his realm:
Unfaithful, inſolent, rapacious, baſe,
He ſoon ſhall prove them, and become himſelf
Their ſlave, to hold his kingdom at their will.
For this within my Britain have I ſought
To raiſe a martial ſpirit, and ordain'd
Theſe new incitements, honours, and rewards,
To virtuous chivalry, that never king
Who wears hereafter my imperial crown
May need to ſtoop to the precarious aid
Of venal foreign ſwords, but in the hearts
Of his brave ſubjects find a ſtronger guard,
Prepar'd with zeal unbought and Engliſh valour
His rights to vindicate and ſave their own. [*Ex. Sold.*

Trumpet ſounds, to which another from without replies; then enters an Italian Politician, habited like a Venetian nobleman, who advancing with a ſolemn and important air towards the throne makes a low reverence to King Edward, and proceeds.

ROL. Well has thy ſov'reign wiſdom, royal Judge!
The ſuit refus'd of theſe pretenders vain,
And by rejecting them emboldon'd me;
For valour, and nobility, and wealth,
Tho' by their proud poſſeſſors vaunted high,
Are but ſubordinate, the ſlaves and tools,

Not the companions and the counſellors,
Of godlike Monarchy, whoſe awful throne,
By darkſome clouds envelop'd, far beyond
The ken of vulgar eyes ſupported ſtands
On that deep-rooted prop, the craft of ſtate,
Myſterious Policy!—Who beſt hath learn'd
Her wily leſſons beſt deſerves to ſhare
The honours, counſels, and the hearts, of kings.
By him inſtructed ev'n the meaneſt prince
Shall riſe to envy'd greatneſs, ſhall advance
His dreaded pow'r above reſtraint and fear,
And all the rules that in fantaſtick chains
Inferiour minds confine. Thus Milan's dukes,
Thus Padua's lords, above their country's laws
Have rais'd their heads, and trampled to the duſt
The pride of Freedom, that eſſays in vain
Their high ſuperiour genius to control.
Theſe were my maſters, mighty Prince! beneath
Their rule and in their councils was I form'd
To know the falſe corrupted heart of man,
His ev'ry weakneſs, ev'ry vice, and thence
To tempt or break his paſſions to the yoke,
To ſcorn the publick as an empty name,
And on the helpleſs multitude impoſe
The adamantine bonds of Fraud and Force.
Thus was I train'd, thus fitted, to conduct
The fate of proudeſt empires; thus I come
To claim thy Garter, Edward, the juſt meed

Of worth preeminent, and in return
My ſervices to offer, which no doubt
Thy wiſdom gladly will accept: for who
So fit to ſerve the majeſty of kings
As he who ſlighting ev'ry meaner tie,
Friends, parents, country, to advance their pow'r
Devotes his toil, experience, fortune, fame,
Nor other favour courts nor refuge hopes
But in their high protection?—Led by me
Thou, royal Edward! ſhalt attain that height,
That glorious ſummit, of imperial pow'r
Which not thy mighty anceſtors have reach'd,
Where in a freer air, a more enlarg'd
Horizon, bounded only by thy will,
Thou ſhalt exalted ſit, and view beneath,
In humbler diſtances and ſafer bounds,
Thoſe ſubjects who preſumptuous now approach
Too near, and with rude hands profane thy throne.
Nor let weak ſcruples check thy manly ſoul
In the bright taſk of glory. Know, great Prince!
A king's divinity is Sov'reign Pow'r,
The only god before whoſe ſhrine the wiſe
Their incenſe offer, whence inſpir'd they draw
Divine ambition, and heroick ſcorn
Of vulgar prejudices, vulgar fears.
Virtue is the people's idol, and by them
Rewarded well with popular applauſe,
That idle breath, the gift and prize of fools!
'Tis thine to govern not to court mankind,

Nor on their ſmiles precarious to depend,
But nobly force them to depend on thine.
O ſacred Sir! can Virtue give thee this,
This bright ſupremacy? truſt not her boaſts,
Her idle pageantry of barren praiſe:
Reject her ſaucy claims, importunate
And ſelf-ſupported; nor admit her train,
Proud Independency and Publick Zeal,
Thoſe factious demagogues, the foes of kings.
EDW. Are virtue then and love of publick good
The foes of monarchy? and are deceit,
Injuſtice, and oppreſſion, qualities
Becoming and expedient in a king?
Then know I not to govern, but have nurs'd
For twice theſe fifteen years, ev'n in my heart,
A pois'nous viper; nay, unking'd myſelf,
By yielding to reſtrain my ſov'reign pow'r
With laws and charters of enfranchiſement
Not due it ſeems from monarchs to their ſlaves.
But know, vile Counſellor of infamy!
That I diſdain thy politicks, thoſe falſe
And ſhallow politicks by which my ſire,
Weak-judging Edward, was betray'd to ſhame
And foul deſtruction, while to ſuch as thee
His ear and heart incautious he reſign'd,
And was indeed their ſlave, not England's king.
By maxims diff'rent far have I ſuſtain'd
The ſtrength and ſplendour of my regal ſtate,

On the broad baſis of true wiſdom fix'd
With ſolid firmneſs, by encouraging
The gen'rous love of virtue and of fame,
That ſource of valour, pledge of victory:
By granting to my ſubjects, what indeed
Is their inherent right, Security,
The cheerful father of Content and Peace,
Of Induſtry and Opulence, which fills
With ſmiling multitudes the land, and pays
In willing ſubſidies that prince's care
Who lays up treaſure in his people's hearts:
By holding with a firm impartial hand
The ſteady ſcale of Juſtice, not alone
Betwixt my ſubjects in their private rights,
But in the gen'ral more important cauſe
Betwixt the crown and them, the diff'rent claims
Of freedom and of juſt prerogative,
Tranſgreſſing not myſelf by boundleſs pow'r,
Nor ſuff'ring others to tranſgreſs thoſe laws
That in their golden chain together bind
For common good the whole united ſtate:
But, more than all, by guarding from contempt
Or impious violation that ſupreme
Protectreſs of all government and law
Religion, in whoſe train for ever wait
Obedience, Order, Juſtice, Mercy, Love,
A guard of angels plac'd around the throne:
Her ſacred counſels have I ſtill rever'd,

Her high commands enforc'd, her pow'r implor'd
O'er all my ſubject nations, to call down
From heav'nly Wiſdom, her eternal ſire,
A fix'd ſecure felicity beyond
The force of human prudence to attain.
Theſe are my arts of government, thoſe arts
By which my Britiſh crown I have advanc'd
Above th' imperial diadem, above
The pride of Africk's or of Aſia's thrones.
I would not tell thee this but that thou ſeem'ſt
A ſtranger to my fame as to my realm,
And to the real greatneſs of a king,
Whoſe ſacred dignity by thee traduc'd
Much it behoves a king to vindicate;
Not by rejecting only with diſdain
Thy arrogant pretenſions, but in thee
Diſhonouring and branding with reproach
Thy tenets alſo, the pernicious lore
Of tyrants and uſurpers, which thy tongue,
Blaſpheming juſtice, government and law,
Hath in a land of freedom dar'd to vent.
Hence! from my kingdom with thy quickeſt ſpeed,
Leſt the revenge of an inſulted king
With ſudden ruin intercept thy flight. [*Exit Polit.*

K. JOHN. Permit me, Edward, to thy royal voice
To add my ſuffrage alſo, and with thee
Proteſt againſt this coward policy
That meanly ſkulks behind opprobrious Fraud

And low unprincely Artifice. I feel
A virtue in my heart, a gen'rous pride,
That tells me kings were cloth'd with majesty,
Encircled with authority, rever'd,
And almost deify'd, to teach them thence
That goodness and the saving attributes
Of Heav'n become their office, justice chief,
And truth, the virtue of heroick minds,
Which were it banish'd from all other breasts
Should dwell for ever in the hearts of kings.

Aerial musick, upon which reenter the five Druids who personated the Grandee, &c. in their original characters and habits of Druids, the chief of whom advancing towards the throne addresses himself to King Edward.

CHIEF DRUID. Behold in us, great King! the ancient priests
And judges of this land, the Druids old,
Who late in borrow'd characters have stood
Before thy sage tribunal, to prefer
The claims of Valour, Wealth, Nobility,
And those soft specious flatt'rers who beneath
The rosy wreaths of pleasure and of love
Conceal the sickly and disgustful brow
Of riot and debauch, and often win
From weak unmanly princes the rich prize
To virtue due and wisdom, not to these,
The cankers of a state, but least of all
Due to that traitor of his king and country

Who lab'ring to build up the regal throne
Beyond its due proportion, and the ſtrength
Of thoſe foundations which the laws have laid,
O'erwhelms the people, and at once o'erturns
His royal maſter, places him at beſt
On an uneaſy tott'ring pinnacle,
The mark of execration and reproach.
Theſe claims haſt thou rejected like a king
Diſcerning in mankind, and knowing well
The value of his favours; like a king
Deſerving the high office of the judge
And arbiter of Europe; like a king
Equal to his great fame, and worth the care
Of thoſe immortal ſpirits who this day
Have quitted their celeſtial reſidence
To view and to approve thy glorious deeds:
But, Edward, be not thou amaz'd to find
That thoſe who lately for thy favour ſu'd
Were not the perſonages they aſſum'd.
O King! thou art beſet with counterfeits,
The very oppoſites to us, who ſeem
Far better than they are: for Flattery,
Chameleon-like, accommodates with care
To the court-hue his changeful countenance:
And when a prince is brave, magnanimous,
And high in ſpirit, then Ambition wears
A face of dignity, and nothing breathes
But lofty enterprizes, conqueſt, pow'r,

And ſchemes of glory to the ſov'reign ear,
Pretending love and care for his renown
With more than duteous zeal.—Of theſe beware!
For as the Theban queen in fables old
Was by the ſpecious guile of fraudful Jove
In her Amphitryon's form to guilt betray'd,
So by theſe counterfeits are kings ſeduc'd,
Ev'n in the moſt belov'd ſuſpectleſs ſhape,
To take a traitor to their royal arms.
But thou ſhalt know them, Edward, by their works:
And of this truth be moſt aſſur'd, that he
Who in his private commerce with mankind
Is mean, diſhoneſt, intereſted, falſe,
Can ne'er be true to thee; nor can he love
His prince who feels not for his country's good.
Thus warn'd we leave thee, mighty Prince! Be firm,
Be conſtant in the paths of fair renown:
Think it thy duty to revere thyſelf
The ſacred laws of Chivalry, the wiſe
Injunctions by thy Order laid on all
The Garter'd Knights, ſo ſhall thy fame remain
The great example of all future kings.
Farewell! for lo! the Genius of thy realm,
With all his pomp attended, comes to ſhare
And grace the glories of this ſignal day;
Theſe clouds of fragrance, that far-beaming blaze
Of heav'nly brightneſs, his approach declare.

[*Druids vaniſh.*

Flaſhes of light, and ſymphony of aerial muſick. Genius of England deſcends in his chariot attended by ſpirits and bards; then alighting he advances towards the throne, and addreſſes himſelf to Edward.

GEN. From the gay realms of cloudleſs day I come,
Where in the glitter of unnumber'd worlds,
That like to iſles of various magnitudes
Float in the ocean of unbounded ſpace,
On my inviſible aerial throne
I ſit, attended with a radiant band
Of ſpirits immortal, whoſe pure eſſences
While clad in human ſhapes on earth they dwelt
Thro' the dull clay of groſs mortality
Diſclos'd their heav'nly vigour, and burſt forth
In godlike virtues and heroick deeds,
Their Albion gracing with as fair a growth
Of fame as e'er enrich'd imperial Rome;
Thence ripe for heav'n and immortality
To me the Genius of this happy iſle
They fly, and claim the meed of their deſert,
Celeſtial crowns, and everliving praiſe
Recorded in the ſongs of heav'nly bards
That round my throne their hymns of triumph ſing,
Attuning to the ſweet harmonious ſpheres
Their undiſcording lyres and voice divine.
Nor thus remov'd to heav'n, and thus employ'd
In ceaſeleſs raptures, wont they to forget

Their native country and the publick weal,
To which on earth their labours and their lives
They once devoted, but purſuing ſtill
The bent and habit of their ſouls, with me
They watch the Britiſh empire, ſtill intent
To check alternately th' enchroaching waves
Of regal pow'r and pop'lar liberty;
Chief attentive near the royal throne
Take up my watchful ſtation, to infuſe
My ſage and mod'rate counſels in thoſe ears
Which wiſdom hath prepar'd and purify'd
To reliſh honeſt tho' unpleaſing truth.
Thus am I always, tho' inviſible,
Attendant Edward on thy glorious deeds;
But on this ſolemn day have I vouchſaf'd
To manifeſt my preſence, to declare
Not in thoſe whiſpers which have often ſpoke
Peace to thy conſcious heart, but audibly
And evident to all, th' aſſent of Heav'n
To the great bus'neſs which hath gather'd here
This troop of princes from all nations round;
Hence all may know that Virtue hath a train
More bright than earthly empire can command;
Know that thoſe actions which are great and good
Receive a nobler ſanction from the free
And univerſal voice of all mankind,
Which is the voice of Heav'n, than from the higheſt
The moſt illuſtrious act of regal pow'r.

This nobler sanction Edward, in the name
Not of this age alone but latest time
Here do I solemnly annex to each
Of thy great acts, but chiefs to this most wise
Most virtuous institution, which extends
Wide as thy fame beyond thy empire's bound,
A prize of virtue publish'd to mankind:
Ye Registers of heav'n record the deed!

Bards. Now tune, ye Bards! the British lyre,
Now wake the vocal string,
While heav'n and earth in Edward's praise conspire;
Join to the gen'ral voice your sacred choir,
And on your soaring wings
From time and envy waft his glorious name,
And place it in the shrine of incorruptive Fame.
Begin, the list'ning echoes round
Shall catch with joy the long-forgotten sound,
And warbling thro' each grove the British strain
To Windsor's smiling nymphs recall their Arthur's reign.

Ye Nymphs of Windsor's bow'ry woods!
Ye Pow'rs who haunt yon' glist'ning floods!
That with reluctant fond delay
Around yon' flow'ry valley stray,
Say, from your minds hath time eras'd
The pleasing images of glory pass'd?

Review ye now thoſe ſcenes no more
When nobly ſtain'd with Saxon gore
From Badon's long-contended plain
Great Arthur with his martial train
To Windſor's choſen ſhades repair'd,
And with his Knights the feſtive banquet ſhar'd?

Then firſt exulting Thames beheld
The triumphs of the liſted field,
Beheld along his level meads
Careering knights encount'ring ſteeds,
Heroick games whoſe toils inſpire
The thirſt of praiſe, and kindle martial fire.

Fair Peace in War's bright mail array'd
With ſmiles the glorious liſts ſurvey'd;
"So ſhould the brave," ſhe cry'd "prepare
"Their hearts and ſinewy arms for war:
"Such combats break not my repoſe;
"Such ſons beſt guard my rights from daring foes."

Then too in feaſtful hall or bow'r,
Attendant on the genial hour,
The Britiſh harp ſweet lyriſts ſtrung,
And Albion's gen'rous victors ſung,
While valiant Arthur's copious fame
Inceſſant fed the bright poetick flame.

But mortals erring in exceſs
O'erwhelm the virtue they careſs:
Thus Arthur his great ſtory mourn'd,
By too fond praiſe to fable turn'd,
Mourn'd the companions of his toils,
Mock'd with falſe glory and fantaſtick ſpoils.

Till thro' the dark romantick tale,
Thro' ſuperſtition's magick veil,
Sage Edward piercing view'd, and own'd
The chief with genuine luſtre crown'd,
View'd the great model, and reſtor'd
The long-loſt honours of his martial board.

Hail Britiſh Prince! theſe faithful lays,
Eternal records of heroick worth,
Shall reaſſert thy ancient praiſe,
And from the cloud of fiction call thee forth
In glory's ſphere thy orbit to reclaim,
And at great Edward's beam relume thy darken'd fame.

But ſee in heav'nly panoply array'd,
Whoſe ſtreaming radiance ſkirts the clouds with gold,
I view Pendragon burſt the veiling ſhade,
And all his blazing magnitude unfold!
O'er yon' broad tow'r he takes his airy ſtand,
And pointing, Edward, tow'rds the royal throne,
To his fam'd knights around, a laurell'd band,
Shews on thy knee the bright ſky-tinctur'd zone.

" Virtue," he cries, (th' ethereal ſound
Thy groſs material organ cannot hear)
" Virtue on earth, by Britiſh Edward crown'd,
" Her rev'rend throne once more ſhall rear.

" To her own ſelfapplauding breaſt
" Forc'd for reward no longer to retreat,
" She ſees her awful charms by kings careſt,
" Sees Honour woo her for his mate.

" Honour, her heav'n-elected ſpouſe,
" From her embrace by lawleſs Pow'r withheld,
" Now at yon' altar plights his holy vows,
" Vows by aſſenting Edward ſeal'd.

" And now the fair angelick bride,
" Gath'ring her noble train from ev'ry land,
" To her late-wedded lord with decent pride
" Preſents the venerable band.

" The great proceſſion Edward leads;
" I ſee yon' hallow'd dome with heroes throng'd:
" Inceſſant ſtill the white-plum'd pomp proceeds,
" Thro' time's eternal courſe prolong'd.

" And you, dear Partners of my fame!
" Your ancient honours now again ſhall boaſt;
" This noble Order ſhall retrieve our name,
" In viſionary fables loſt.

" This from our martial board deriv'd,
" These for our brethren let us proudly own,
" More pleas'd to view our deeds by thee reviv'd
" Than griev'd, great King! to be outdone." 1111

CHORUS.

Hail British Prince! these faithful lays
Shall reassert thy ancient praise.
Nor thee O Windsor! shall I pass unsung,
Mansion of princes, and fit haunt of gods, 1115
Who frequent shall desert their bright abodes
To view thy sacred walls with trophies hung,
Thy walls by British Arthur first renown'd,
The early seat of Chivalry and Fame, 1119
By Edward now with deathless honours crown'd,
Illustrious by his birth, his Garter, and his name.

GEN. Conferring just rewards, most worthy Prince!
Is the first attribute of sov'reign pow'r,
And that which best distinguishes a king;
For punishment and all the nice awards 1125
Of Civil justice by the laws are fix'd,
And kings but execute what they decree;
While in rewarding merit uncontroll'd,
Unguided, unassisted, is the hand
Of Majesty; the prince himself alone 1130
There judges, and his wisdom is the law.
Well does thy court, great King! with ev'ry worth
And ev'ry virtue fill'd, this wisdom shew

In thee transcendent; well hast thou approv'd
Its force in this great trial, which my pow'r
Commanded in no common ways to prove
Thy royal mind.—But that a father's name
May not restrain thy justice in the choice
Of the first Knights-Companions of St. George,
Myself here take upon me to present
A candidate whom were he not thy son
Thou wouldst thyself select from all mankind:
His modesty compels me to declare
That candidate is Edward Prince of Wales.

P. EDW. Inhabitant of heav'n! I not presume
To deprecate or question that high will
To which it best becomes me to submit;
But, gentle Spirit! be propitious to me,
And thou my gracious Liege! if I request
That this illustrious monarch, whose desert
Is equal to the grandeur of his crown,
May stand before me in this list of fame.

K. JOHN. O gen'rous Youth! in vain thy goodness strives
To raise thy captive thus above his fortune.
The king that is not free is not a king;
Nor can thy bounteous favour reconcile
Honour and bondage.—To thy conq'ring son
Do thou great Edward! give this noble mark
Of prosp'rous virtue: ill becomes it me
To wear at once thy Garter and thy chains;
Tho' by my former dignity I swear

That were I reinſtated in my throne,
The throne of Caput and of Charlemagne,
Thus to be join'd in fellowſhip with thee
Would be the firſt ambition of my ſoul;
A ray of glory I would ſue to gain,
And prize it equal with my diadem.

GEN. Wiſely thou haſt determin'd worthy Prince!
For thine and Edward's honour, and haſt fix'd
Its proper value on his royal gift,
Which as the meed of merit may become
The proudeſt monarchs, by this Garter mark'd
For ſomething more than monarchs, virtuous men.
This be the glory of thy Order Edward,
And never ſhall it want the greateſt names *
Of all ſucceeding times to grace its annals:
France, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Spain,
Each realm of Europe's wide-extended bounds,
Shall count among thy Knights its mightieſt lords,
And ſee in emulation of thy fame
New royal founders of like orders riſe.
Proceed then mighty King! and ſet the world
The precedent of glory: thou begin
The radiant liſt of Sov'reigns, while thy ſon,
Like a young bride that on her nuptial morn

* Beſides the great perſons of our own nation that have been admitted of this Order, the Engliſh reader may be glad to be informed that in the Annals of the Garter are found the names of Charles V. Emperour of Germany, of Francis I. and Henry IV. Kings of France, and of Guſtavus Adolphus King of Sweden.

Leads on with modeſt pride the virgin-choir,
Herſelf the brighteſt, leads the ſhining band
Of Knights-Companions, nobly ſeconding
His father's glorious deeds with equal fame.

EDW. The teſtimony of Heav'n to thee my Son,
Thus gloriouſly accorded, renders vain
All farther trial.—To my people's voice,
By this their tutelary pow'r declar'd,
With pleaſure I conſent, directing ſtill
By theirs my choice, my judgment, my deſires.

Approach then my belov'd, my noble Son,
Strength of my crown and honour of my realm!
In whom my heart more joys and glories more
Than in the higheſt pride of ſov'reign pow'r.

Thus I admit thee *, Edward Prince of Wales,
Firſt founder of the Order of St. George,
In evidence whereof about thy knee
I bind this myſtick Garter, to denote
The bond of honour that together ties
The brethren of St. George in friendly league,
United to maintain the cauſe of truth
And juſtice only.—"May propitious Heav'n
"Grant thou may'ſt henceforth wear it to his praiſe,
"The exaltation of this noble Order,
"And thy own glory."—With like reverence
My Son, receive and wear this golden chain,

* The Prince of Wales advances to his father, and kneels, while the King taking the Garter from the herald buckles it round his left leg.

" Grac'd with the image of Britannia's saint,
" Heav'n's valiant soldier, Cappadocian George,
" In imitation of whose glorious deeds
" May'st thou triumphant in each state of life
" Or prosp'rous or adverse, still subdue
" Thy spiritual and carnal enemies,
" That not on earth alone thou may'st obtain
" The guerdon of thy valour, endless praise,
" But with the virtuous and the brave above
" In solemn triumph wear celestial palms,
" To crown thy final noblest victory *."

[*Embraces P. Edw.*

P. EDW. Accept, my Sov'reign Liege! my grateful thanks
That thou hast thus vouchsaf'd to place thy son
First next thyself upon the roll of fame,
As he indeed is first in filial love
And emulation of thy royal virtues;
And may thy benediction gracious Lord!
May thy paternal vows, be heard in Heav'n!
That he whom thou hast lifted in the cause
Of truth and virtue never may forget
His vow'd engagements, nor defraud thy hopes,
By soiling with dishonourable deeds

* The sense, and almost the words, in the verses of this speech distinguished by inverted commas, are taken from the admonition read to the Knights at the time of their receiving the Garter and the Riband or Collar of the Order. *Vide Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter.*

The luſtre of that Order, which thy name
Shquld teach him to reſpect and to adorn.

ODE.

STROPHE I.

BARDS. Celeſtial Maid!
Bright ſpark of that ethereal flame
Whoſe vivid ſpirit thro' all Nature ſpread
Suſtains and actuates this boundleſs frame!
O by whatever ſtyle to mortals known,
Virtue, Benevolence, or Publick Zeal,
Divine aſſeſſor of the regal throne,
Divine protectreſs of the common weal,
O in our hearts thy energy infuſe!
Be thou our Muſe
Celeſtial Maid!
And as of old impart thy heav'nly aid
To thoſe who warm'd by thy benignant fire
To publick merit and their country's good
Devoted ever their recording lyre,
Wont along Deva's ſacred flood,
Or beneath Mona's oak retir'd,
To warble forth their patriot lays,
And nouriſh with immortal praiſe
The bright heroick flames by thee inſpir'd.

ANTISTROPHE I.

I feel I feel
Thy soul-invigorating heat;
My bounding veins distend with fervent zeal,
And to Britannia's fame responsive beat.
Hail Albion, native Country! but how chang'd
Thy once grim aspect, how adorn'd and gay!
Thy howling forests! where together rang'd
The naked hunter and his savage prey,
Where amid black inhospitable woods
The sedge-grown floods
All cheerless stray'd,
Nor in their lonely wand'ring course survey'd
Or tow'r or castle, heav'n-aspending fane
Or lowly village, residence of Peace,
And joyous industry, or furrow'd plain,
Or lowing herd, or silver fleece,
That whitens now each verdant vale,
While laden with their precious store
Far trading barks to ev'ry shore
Swift heralds of Britannia's glory sail.

EPODE I.

These are thy shining works: this smiling face
Of beauteous Nature thus in regal state,
Deck'd by each handmaid Art, each polish'd Grace,
That on fair Liberty and Order wait,

This pomp, theſe riches, this repoſe,
To thee imperial Britain owes,
To thee great ſubſtitute of Heav'n!
To whom the charge of earthly realms was giv'n,
Their ſocial ſyſtems by wiſe Nature's plan
To form and rule by her eternal laws,
To teach the ſelfiſh ſoul of wayward man
To ſeek the publick good and aid the common cauſe.
So didſt thou move the mighty heart
Of Alfred, founder of the Britiſh ſtate;
So to Matilda's ſcepter'd ſon,
To him whoſe virtue and renown
Firſt made the name of Edward great,
Thy ample ſpirit ſo didſt thou impart,
Protecting thus in ev'ry age
From greedy Pow'r and factious Rage
That law of freedom which to Britain's ſhore
From Saxon Elva's many-headed flood
The valiant ſons of Odin with them bore,
Their national, ador'd, inſeparable, good.

STROPHE II.

On yonder plain *,
Along whoſe willow-fringed ſide
The ſilverfooted Naiads, ſportive train,
Down the ſmooth Thames amid the cygnets glide,
I ſaw when at thy reconciling word

* Runnymead near Stains, where the Grand Charter was ſigned by King John.

Injuſtice, Anarchy, inteſtine Jar,
Deſpotick Inſolence, the waſting ſword,
And all the brazen throats of Civil War,
Were huſh'd in peace; from his imperious throne
Hurl'd furious down,
Abaſh'd, diſmay'd,
Like a chas'd lion to the ſavage ſhade
Of his own foreſts, fell Oppreſſion fled,
With Vengeance brooding in his ſullen breaſt:
Then Juſtice fearleſs rear'd her decent head,
Heal'd ev'ry grief, each wrong redreſt,
While round her valiant ſquadrons ſtood,
And bad her awful tongue demand
From vanquiſh'd John's reluctant hand
The deed of Freedom purchas'd with their blood.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O vain ſurmiſe!
To deem the grandeur of a crown
Conſiſts in lawleſs pow'r, to deem them wiſe
Who change ſecurity and fair renown
For deteſtation, ſhame, diſtruſt, and fear;
Who ſhut for ever from the bliſsful bow'rs
With horrour and remorſe at diſtance hear
The muſick that enchants th' immortal pow'rs,
The heav'nly muſick of well-purchas'd praiſe,
Seraphick lays,

The ſweet reward
On heroes, patriots, righteous kings, conferr'd,
For ſuch alone the heav'n-taught poets ſing:
Tune ye for Edward then the mortal ſtrain,
His name ſhall well become your golden ſtring;
Begirt with this ethereal train
Seems he not rank'd among the gods?
Then let him reap the glorious meed
Due to each great heroick deed,
And taſte the pleaſures of the bleſt abodes.

EPODE II.

Hail happy Prince! on whom kind Fate beſtows
Sublimer joys and glory brighter far
Than Creſſy's palm, and ev'ry wreath that grows
In all the blood-ſtain'd field of proſp'rous war,
Joys that might charm an heav'nly breaſt
To make dependent millions bleſt,
A dying nation to reſtore,
And ſave fall'n Liberty with kingly pow'r;
To quench the torch of diſcord and debate,
Relume the languid ſpark of publick zeal,
Repair the breaches of a ſhatter'd ſtate,
And glorioufly complete the plan of England's weal,
Complete the noble Gothick pile
That on the rock of Juſtice rear'd ſhall ſtand
In ſymmetry, and ſtrength, and fame,
A rival of that boaſted frame
Which Virtue rais'd on Tiber's ſtrand.

This Edward, guardian father of our isle,
This godlike task, to few assign'd,
Exalts thee above humankind,
And from the realms of everlasting day
Calls down celestial bards thy praise to sing,
Calls this bright troop of spirits to survey
Thee, the great miracle of earth, a Patriot King!

GEN. Now reascend your skies immortal Spirits!
Th' important act that drew ye down to earth
Is finish'd. Spare we now their mortal sense
That cannot long endure th' unshrouded beam
Of higher natures. Well hath Edward laid
Under your happy auspices the base
Of his great Order: let him undisturb'd
But not unaided by the heav'nly pow'rs
Complete th' illustrious work, which future kings,
Struck with the beauty of the noble plan,
Shall emulously labour to maintain:
And may thy spirit Edward be their guide!
In ev'ry Chapter thou henceforth preside,
In ev'ry breast infuse thy virtuous flame,
And teach them to respect their Country's fame.

[*Genius and Spirits reascend to a loud symphony of musick.*

ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY SHOOTING A BLACKBIRD ON VALENTINE'S-DAY.

THE ſun had chas'd the winter's ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the froſt-bound ſoil,
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toile:

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:

"O faireſt of the feather'd train,
"For whom I ſing for whom I burn,
"Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
"And grant my love a kind return!

"See, ſee, the winter's ſtorms are flown,
"And Zephirs gently fan the air!
"Let us the genial influence own,
"Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

"The raven plumes his jetty wing
"To pleaſe his croaking paramour,
"The larks reſponſive lovetales ſing,
"And tell their paſſions as they ſoar:

" But truſt me Love! the raven's wing
" Is not to be compar'd with mine,
" Nor can the lark ſo ſweetly ſing
" As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

" With thee I 'll prove the ſweets of love,
" With thee divide the cares of life,
" No fonder huſband in the grove,
" Nor none than thee a happier wife.

" I 'll lead thee to the cleareſt rill
" Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray,
" There will we ſit and ſip our fill,
" Or on the flow'ry border play.

" I 'll guide thee to the thickeſt brake
" Impervious to the ſchoolboy's eye;
" For thee the plaſter'd neſt I 'll make,
" And on thy downy pinions lie.

" To get thee food I 'll range the fields
" And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind,
" Whatever Nature's bounty yields
" Or Love's aſſiduous care can find.

" And when my lovely mate would ſtray
" To taſte the ſummer's ſweets at large,
" At home I 'll wait the livelong day,
" And tend at home our infant charge.

" When prompted by a mother's care
" Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
" With thee the task I 'll fondly share,
" Or cheer thy labours with my song."

He ceas'd his song: the melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain;
She felt she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely to her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song——
" Arise, behold the newborn day!
" The lark his mattin peal has rung;
" Arise my Love! and come away."

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my Muse with pain relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My Dear!
"Haſte, haſte away; from danger fly.
"Here, Gunner, take thy vengeance here:
"O ſpare my love and let me die!"

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true:
O had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot as he had us'd to do*!

Divided Pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe:
I 'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORLAND'S HERMITAGE.

Ne gay attire, ne marble-hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall,
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with pyes of perigord,
Ne pow'r, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis:
Let me ne more myſelf deceive,
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train,

* Never having killed any thing before or ſince.

But not the good perdie! nor fair;
'Gainſt them I make ne vow ne pray'r,
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft' not always with me dwell:
Then caſt, ſweet Saint! a circle round,
And bleſs from fools this holy ground,
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old and homely youth,
The gravely dull and pertly gay:
Oh! baniſh theſe; and by my fay
Right well I ween that in this age
Mine houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtick Cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell.
Say you who dare our hermitage diſdain
What drawingroom can boaſt ſo fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet Bird! that ſingſt on yonder ſpray,
Purſue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay,
While I beneath this breezy ſhade
In peace repoſe my careleſs head,
And joining thy enraptur'd ſong
Inſtruct the world-enamour'd throng
That the contented harmleſs breaſt
In ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

INSCRIP. ON A SUMMERHOUSE,

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM IN KENT.

An Imitation of Auſonius ad Villam.

NOT wrapt in ſmoky London's ſulph'rous clouds,
And not far diſtant, ſtands my rural cot,
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds
Nor for the good and friendly too remote:
And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Or the gay City's idle pleaſures cloy,
Swift as my changing wiſh I change the ſcene,
And now the country now the town enjoy.

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THE END.

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